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RETURN OF THE JEDI
George Lucas
& Friends
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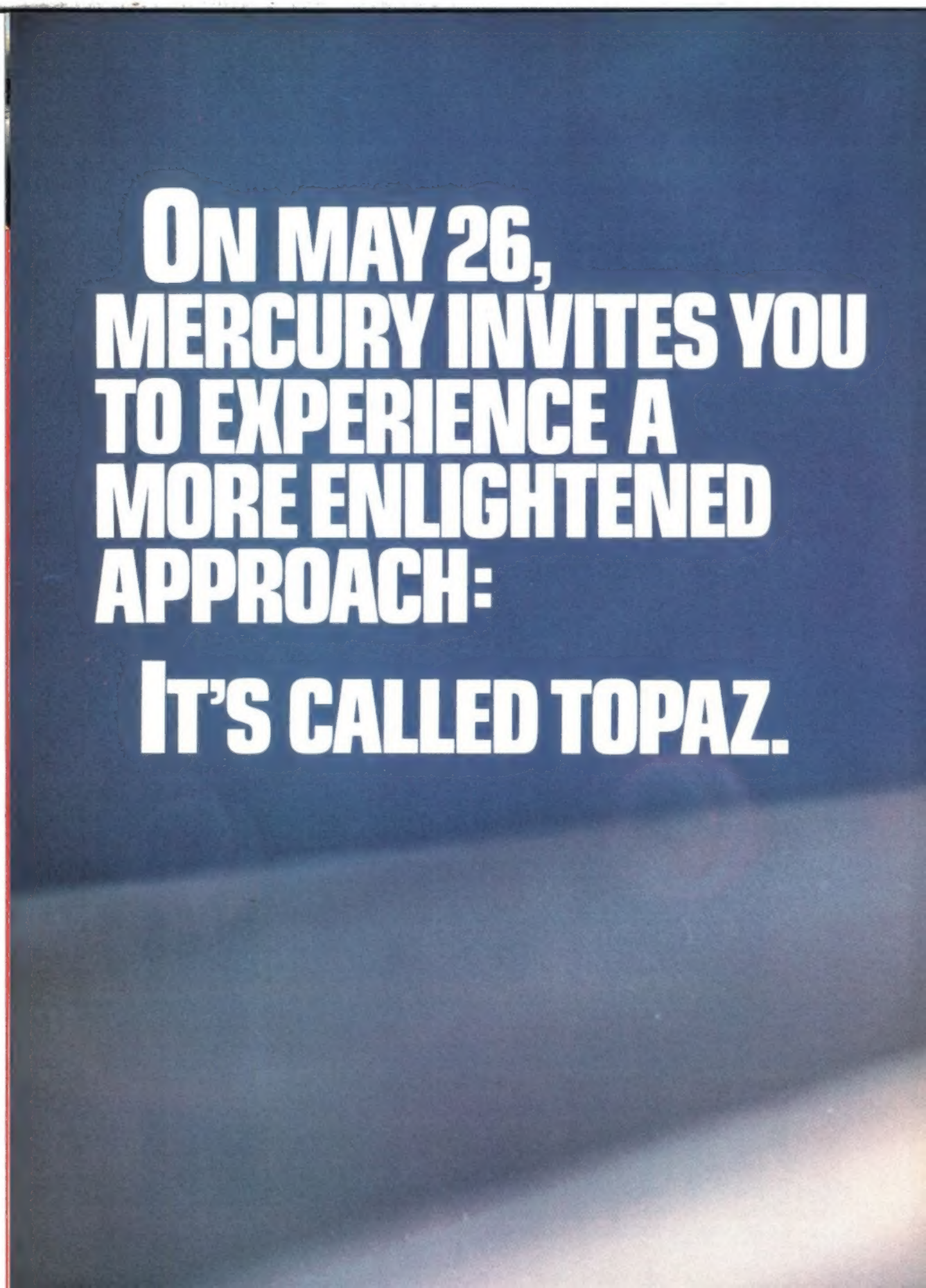
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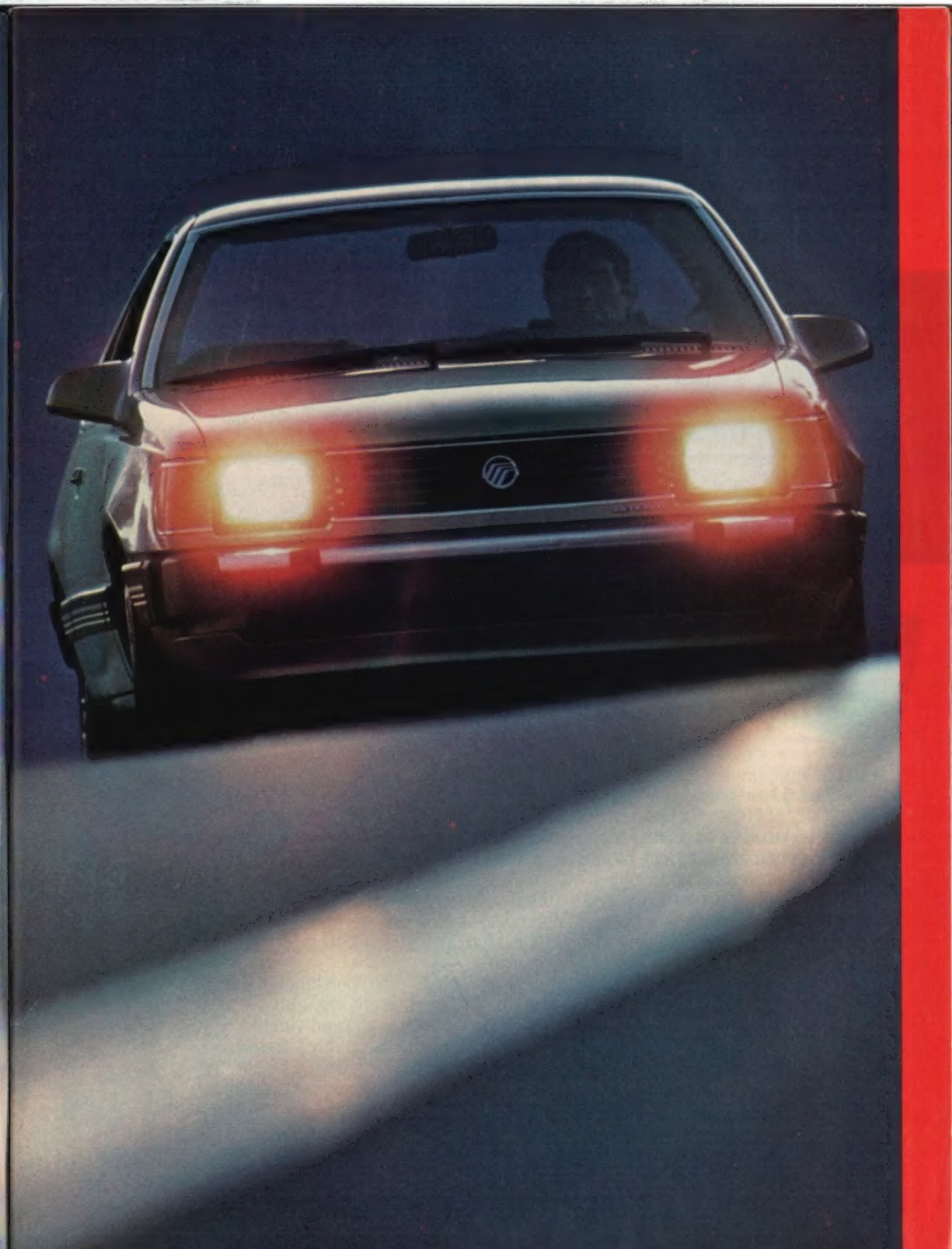

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MAY 23, 1983 Vol. 121 No. 21

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

A Letter from the Publisher

For this week's cover stories on *Return of the Jedi*, the third installment of the *Star Wars* saga, San Francisco Correspondent Dick Thompson crossed the Golden Gate Bridge to San Rafael to explore the mysteries of the film's wondrous special effects in, of all places, a common cinder-block warehouse. There, and at a similar illusion factory in Van Nuys, Calif., Han Solo's *Millennium Falcon* spaceship first blasted into hyperspace, and E.T., C-3PO, R2-D2 and *Jedi's* furry Ewoks were born.

Says Thompson, who has reported stories for TIME on subjects ranging from genetic engineering to nuclear fusion: "I believe that I became a science reporter because I love mysteries. But after seeing the workshops, I've decided that some mysteries should be left alone. Discovering that Darth Vader's dread *Death Star* is a ball of plastic is a bit like learning that Santa's beard is fake." At home, Thompson prefers the simple way of life. A traditional grandfather clock stands in his living room, and he drives a 1973 VW bug. Says he: "At least I can understand the car's innards."

The film took Senior Writer Gerald Clarke from New York City to San Francisco for an advance look at the newest *Star Wars* movie, which was fresh out of the editing room. Ever since he saw the first episode in 1977, Clarke has been hooked on Lucas' special brand of magic. Says he: "Lucas seemed every bit as nervous about *Jedi* as he was about *Star Wars*. He is a compulsive worrier, a nonstop perfectionist. Maybe that is why his movies are so good." Clarke spent a day, along with Los Angeles Correspondent Denise Worrell, interviewing Lucas and his wife Marcia, an Oscar-winning film editor who helped cut *Jedi*, at their white Victorian mansion in nearby San Anselmo. Worrell also toured Skywalker Ranch, the 3,000-acre film-making community that Lucas is constructing in Marin County's rolling hills. Says she: "George told me that when he was a teen-ager, he used to grease his hair back with Vaseline and attach taps to his pointed black shoes. It didn't take much imagination to picture that. But looking at him, with his white socks and faded jeans, it's a hyperspace jump to figure out where the Empire, Yoda and the whole *Star Wars* fantasy came from."

MATTHEW KLEIN

Thompson, left, with Lucas, C-3PO, R2-D2 and the Ewoks

John a. Meyer

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Cover: Illustration by Richard Hess

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Cover: *Return of the Jedi* wraps up George Lucas' megahit *Star Wars* series with the solution to the Jedi mysteries, plus a galaxy of special effects, a major monster rally and, as a bonus, a new kind of Teddy bear. *See* SHOW BUSINESS.

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Middle East: With Soviet support, Syria backs away from a pledge to pull its troops out of Lebanon if the Israelis withdraw theirs. Will George Shultz have to start another round of shuttle diplomacy? *See* WORLD.

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Does psychotherapy really work? Some of the time it does, but do not expect too much, says Psychologist Bernie Zilbergeld.

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A new superstar, Philippe Jeantot, wins a round-the-world sailing race, breaking records the way seas break ships.

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The Chicago Lyric Opera presents Peter Sellar's *Mikado*, set in modern Japan, with the ruler himself in a Datsun.

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Future Nobel prize-winners are commonplace in Harvard's distinctive Society of Fellows, now 50 years old.

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Dark, Oedipal, faithful, great

The time is the late 19th century. The place is a caldron of the Industrial Revolution called Nottinghamshire. The atmosphere is almost palpable as the camera pans across the English landscape: grimy smokestacks, black-brick streets lined with miners' hovels, gaunt-faced miners who hack coal from two-foot-high underground seams for a few pence a day.

These are D. H. Lawrence's people, powerful figures who populate one of his best novels: the autobiographical *Sons & Lovers*. Now it has been translated to the TV screen for the first time, in the length required to fully probe Lawrence's dark tale of the Oedipal bond between mother and son.

The series unfolds on PBS Sunday nights for seven weeks (check local listings for time). Faithful to period detail, it was shot entirely on location in the Nottinghamshire mining village where Lawrence grew up and which became, for the author, a metaphor for social injustice.

The episodes capture with extraordinary fidelity the coming of age in that grim miners' town of Paul Morel (Lawrence's fictional counterpart) and his middle class mother's disillusionment with a crude, hard-drinking husband—a disillusionment that caused her to turn to her son for affection.

The attraction, however, is claustrophobic, destroying any normal relationship Paul can have with women. And even after his mother's life ends tragically, he is still held captive by her memory: "His soul could not leave her.... Now she has gone abroad into the night, and he was with her still."

Sons & Lovers has an exceptional cast, headed by Eileen Atkins (co-creator of *Upstairs/Downstairs*) as Gertrude Morel, Tom Bell as Walter Morel, and Karl Johnson as the sensitive son, Paul.

In supporting roles, Leonie Mellinger is the romantic young girl Paul finds he cannot love, and Lynn Dearth plays the married woman with whom he has an equally brief encounter. This versatile actress, according to a critic, is the "best thing" in the series, a woman whose "blossoming from fierce feminist to unexpectedly feminine was managed with fascinating conviction."

But watch *Sons & Lovers* for all the performances. We promise that you, like the critics, won't be disappointed.

Mobil

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Letters

New Beauties

To the Editors:

Praise for Nastassia Kinski is long overdue [May 2]. It is only a matter of time before this talented beauty snags a role that will bring her the acclaim she deserves. And if Kinski does "fall in love on every set she's acted on," may I have an invitation to be an extra in her next film?

Mark J. Dorson
Tempe, Ariz.

Nastassia Kinski's performance on-screen is sufficient evidence that she does not have to rely on her beauty to captivate an audience.

Alfred P. Hall
Newton, N.J.

Your hot faces from Europe leave me cold. I was particularly struck by their deadpan, pouting expressions. These actresses have good reason to smile. They make enough money in one week to feed a family of four for a year.

Gwen Krause
Hoboken, N.J.

What is it about Nastassia Kinski that makes journalists babble like half-baked poets? You spew out this "child-woman, woman-child" hogwash as if it were a controversy important enough to be given more than a passing thought.

Andrew Morse
New York City

Rhyme for Hitler

Did Hitler keep a diary?
(The very thought's unnerving.)
Could Stern *be making fools of us?*
(And where is Clifford Irving?)

Peggy Clarke Snow
Madison, N.J.

Beirut Bombing

The true horror of the Beirut embassy bombing [May 2] is that there is little that the U.S. can do to prevent similar acts in

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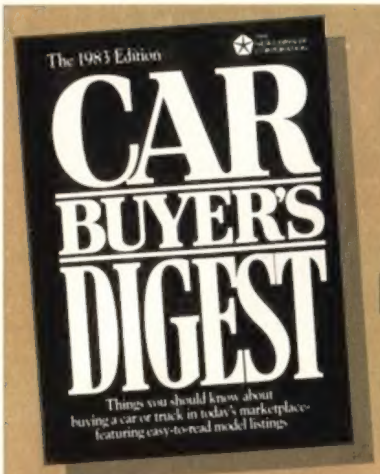

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Letters

the future. Nevertheless, America must stick to its commitments in the Middle East. If we back out now, the terrorists will have accomplished their goal.

Jeffrey Haight
Barker, N.Y.

Anyone who believes peace can be achieved in the Middle East is an idealistic moron. Fanatics pushed us around in Iran and now in Lebanon. Before we get these radicals to stop murdering one another, we had better find a way to make them stop killing us.

Peter F. Hoey
Demarest, N.J.

Brutal Execution

The death penalty may be necessary, but the way John Louis Evans died, after three electrical jolts, is inexcusable [May 2]. Execution can never be humane. The least we can do is make it efficient and as dignified as possible.

Linda Berry
Callahan, Calif.

The American public should not be made to feel guilty when a "classic posturing punk" who committed a heinous crime and had his day in court is finally removed from our midst.

Dianne M. Pytel
Tiffin, Ohio

Reich's Remedy

It is obvious that Harvard's Robert Reich [May 2] springs from the same source as John Maynard Keynes and John Kenneth Galbraith. Can anyone seriously suggest expanding the role of Government in business? It is just this kind of interference that has had a destabilizing influence on our economy. Reich's proposals can only result in further currency debasement, greater unemployment, less productivity and, finally, in an almost certain economic debacle.

Lowe H. Bibby
Kailua, Hawaii

Good Grades Pay

At last, hard-working students with gray matter are being rewarded with scholarships regardless of financial need [May 2]. Intelligence should be the equalizer, and good grades a goal that will be compensated.

Vi Anderson
Seymour, Ind.

Colleges and universities, while they should not stop providing funds for needy students, could also honor the hard-working graduate by awarding scholarships based on merit. I am a high school sophomore who, after reading your article, was inspired to "hit the books."

Jeanine Jeo Hi Kim
Jersey City, N.J.

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Letters

It is time that excellence in academic performance was tangibly rewarded. College bureaucrats who are concerned about the ethics of giving financial aid to students not in need should be reminded that for years athletic scholarships have gone to star performers, not needy players with butterfingers.

Todd Lofton
McLean, Va.

Boos for Bok

The Law section [May 2] contains a provocative juxtaposition of stories. First you give us a description of former Moscow Attorney Dina Kaminskaya, the Soviet lawyer who does not regret having defended dissidents despite her ruined career and forced exile. Then you report on Derek Bok, the redoubtable Harvard University president, who says the law adds little to "the pursuit of culture or the enhancement of the human spirit." I am sorry, Mr. Bok, but I could not help feeling enhanced as I read of Kaminskaya's courageous example.

David Wurm
Omaha

I was impressed by the courage of Kaminskaya, who represented individual clients charged by Soviet authorities with antisocial acts. I was unimpressed, however, to read in the next article that Bok believes it is unfortunate that American law students are taught to think in terms of the interests of individual clients rather than the society as a whole. It is because the American judicial system puts the rights of individuals above the perceived interests of society that we have no Bukovskys or Marchenkos languishing in an American Gulag.

Milton H. Gordon
Berkeley, Calif.

Simulated Cocaine

Your recent article on cocaine [April 11] says I offer "recovering overusers a toot of cocaine to test their resolve." This is an inaccurate description of a desensitizing method I pioneered. I present the cokenders not with the actual cocaine but with a simulated powdered or liquid form of the substance. When faced with the substitute, they note their internal reaction while saying, "No thanks, I've quit," or "I'd love some and I won't."

Richard Louis Miller
Williams, Calif.

Steel's Givebacks

Your article "Steeling for Some Givebacks" [March 14] contained some misleading information regarding Northwestern Steel & Wire Co. Contrary to what you say, Northwestern Steel is not

The pageantry at Fort Macleod, Alberta is a short drive from the spectacular Waterton Lakes area. Come on up.

on the verge of collapsing. In addition, the significant concessions to which you refer were granted only by employees of our Rod and Wire Products Division. The givebacks did not involve our larger Hot Rolled Products Division. The reductions in wages and benefits will save the company $7.12 for each hour worked. The actual pay reduction for the employee is about $4.50 per hour.

Peter W. Dillon, President
Northwestern Steel & Wire Co.
Sterling, Ill.

Paying Pepper's Piper

Re your article on Congressman Claude Pepper [April 25]: he may deplore the stereotypes of the elderly, but Pepper is not above using them when it suits his purpose. He has been so successful at depicting all elderly as indigent that senior citizens now enjoy Social Security benefits far in excess of their payments into the system. This windfall is at the expense of the workers now under 40. They have no chance of recovering the funds involuntarily withheld from their paychecks.

Vern Kleinsasser
Dresser, Wis.

Your story on Pepper could not have been more conveniently timed. In Boston we are putting together a nonprofit organization designed to create employment opportunities for men and women 55 and older. Our operation is patterned after a group in Chicago called ABLE CHICAGO. More than 5,000 people have found employment through this agency.

George S. Patton
Major General, U.S.A. (ret.)
South Hamilton, Mass.

'Tis the Season

As a survivor of northeastern Pennsylvania's often bizarre weather, I applaud your Essay on the seasons [May 2]. We should never forget that seasonal tribulations have inspired many of our technological advances. The times of year are part and parcel of our souls and a constant reaffirmation of life.

Shelley A. Wilson
Harford, Pa.

Your Essay asserts that "it is difficult to get one's bearings in time if one stays too long on Oahu." Obviously, you have not been on Oahu long enough. Old-timers here have their ways of following the seasons. Mine is with the flowers. It is spring when I see the first gardenia, and summer when the shower trees are ablaze in yellow and pink. Finally, when the poinsettias bloom, I know it is winter.

Rosemarie Holmes
Honolulu

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TIME/MAY 23, 1983

Untamed Monster

Washington shrinks from dealing with the deficit

When the first signs of recovery began to break through the deep recession last winter, economists and politicians alike added apocalyptic warnings to their expressions of cautious optimism. Uncontrolled federal deficits, they declared, could drown the economy in red ink. Yet when Ronald Reagan, formerly the ardent apostle of balanced budgets, submitted a plan for fiscal 1984 with a shortfall that approached $200 billion, political paralysis seemed to set in. The enormity of the deficit monster eventually led to a feeling of futility. In addition, encouraging economic signs, such as a record bull run on Wall Street and continued moderation of inflation, raised hopes that the economy would continue its upward climb despite the deficits, at least until the 1984 elections.

This complacency was shaken last week when disputes over deficits rived the once solid unity of Senate Republicans and threatened to destroy the budget process that provides Congress with its chief source of fiscal discipline. As it became apparent that the Administration and Congress were unable, or unwilling, to deal with the budget, there was renewed concern about the danger that this presented for the still tentative recovery.

Reagan came into office professing horror at the $1 trillion national debt accumulated over two centuries, which he vividly depicted as "a stack of $1,000 bills 67 miles high." Yet his economic program could produce a string of record deficits that would increase the debt to more than $1.6 trillion during his term. The future interest payments on this additional debt alone could run higher than $60 billion a year. In contrast to the frenetic maneuvering a year ago to keep his 1983 projected deficit from breaking the $100 billion barrier (the final figure is likely to be $210 billion by the time fiscal 1983 ends in September), the President adopted a sanguine attitude about this year's shortfall. In January, he proposed a stand-by tax that would take effect in 1985 on the contingency that deficits remained high, but when it became clear that this contingency was inevitable, he abandoned the fight for the tax. Moreover, he resisted pressure to scale back his 10% real defense increase or the tax cuts passed in 1981.

Reagan's recalcitrance provoked the Republican-led Senate Budget Committee, headed by Pete Domenici of New Mexico, to send to the floor last month a budget bill written by Democrats based on a plan already passed by the House. It would reduce the projected 1984 deficit to $162 billion by trimming the real increase in defense spending to 5% and raising $30 billion in new tax revenues. Faced with this prospect, Reagan reluctantly relented two weeks ago and gave his tacit support to a compromise fashioned by Domenici and the Senate Republican leadership. It called for a 7.5% rise in defense spending.

But Reagan still refused to support significant new taxes. That prompted a revolt by a quintet of Republican moderates, led by John Chafee of Rhode Island. They proposed to alleviate future deficits by a moderate increase in taxes and a trim of the defense budget's growth to 6%. Although most Senate Democrats joined forces with the Republican moderates, no budget plan could garner a majority.

Senate leaders hope that the Budget Committee can come up with a new plan this week for a budget resolution acceptable to the House and Senate. The congressional budget process, which was instituted in 1974, requires that members pass such a resolution, putting spending ceilings on government programs and setting overall tax levels. A breakdown of this system could lead to uncontrolled spending, with each appropriations subcommittee voting to spend whatever it wanted. Democratic Senator Lawton Chiles of Florida said that if the budget process breaks down, "I think that we shall have chaos."

Reagan effectively used the budget process in 1981 and 1982 as a club to win his way in Congress. But many advisers, most notably Defense Secretary Caspar Weinberger, feel that Reagan might be better off this year without a budget resolution. He could then try to influence each appropriations bill separately, and veto those he disapproved of. The veto threat, however, would be ineffective in tackling the most important spending problem, that of burgeoning entitlements such as Medicaid and federal pensions. These can be cut only if Congress passes new laws to change eligibility. Aside from defense spending, less than one-fifth of the budget is governed by appropriations that can be vetoed.

When he proposed his dramatic economic package shortly after taking office, Reagan said that it would produce a budget surplus by fiscal 1984. Instead, it helped create a fundamental disparity between revenues and expenditures. Even assuming sustained growth, revenues will remain at about 19% of the gross national product. And even if the further reductions in domestic expenditures requested by Reagan are passed by Congress, outlays will not fall below 23% of the G.N.P. Unless the budget process can be used to force deep cuts in entitlement programs, Budget Director David Stockman warned the Cabinet last month, the country faces deficits of more than $200 billion "as far as the eye can see."

As a result, some Administration officials have been trying to play down the danger of deficits. "I will offer a prize to anyone who can show me the connection between high rates of interest and high deficits," Treasury Secretary Donald Regan said two weeks ago in Manila. Yet he seemed to enter his own contest last week, when he told foreign finance ministers meeting in Paris that the U.S. was sensitive to the problems its high interest rates created for other nations (*see* ECONOMY & BUSINESS). Said Regan: "I do guarantee we will make visible progress in removing the specter which arose from the January budget: record deficits as far as the eye could see." Britain's Chancellor of the Exchequer, Sir Geoffrey Howe, also made the connection, saying that the prime cause of high interest rates is the borrowing requirements of the U.S. Government. This is likely to be a source of friction when Western leaders meet later this month at an economic summit in Williamsburg, Va.

The problems posed by continued high deficits are depressingly apparent to economists. Says Martin Feldstein, the chairman of Reagan's Council of Economic Advisers: "For the past two decades, total net private savings have averaged only about 7% of the G.N.P. A budget deficit of 6% [which is what $200 billion represents] would absorb an amount equal to nearly all of those savings." The Government's growing borrowing needs could cause what Citicorp's senior domestic economist, Peter Crawford, calls "painful conflicts between the Treasury and private borrowers." This "crowding out" of private borrowers is part of an economic Catch-22. Explains Wall Street Analyst Sam Nakagama: "If the Federal Reserve tries to keep interest rates down in the face of a big deficit, it would have to permit explosive growth of the money supply and another cycle of high inflation. On the other hand, if the Fed pursues a slow-money-growth policy with the aim of fighting inflation, a large deficit causes such high interest rates that private business activity is devastated."

At both ends of Pennsylvania Avenue, however, political considerations are taking precedence. Reagan and most Republicans will simply not consider new revenue measures, even though the underlying deficit cannot be closed without them. The Democrats have been willing to propose new tax measures, but balk at placing the restraints Reagan wants on entitlements. Congressmen of both parties, and in particular the Democrats, would like to scale back defense spending, but on this they have met resistance from the White House. The fecklessness of both parties when it comes to making either tough revenue or spending decisions was illustrated last week when more than 300 House members, following the lead of their Senate counterparts, caved in to the banking industry and signed a petition supporting repeal of a measure to withhold taxes from interest and dividend income. The withholding provision, which will be reconsidered by the full House this week, would have cut down on tax cheating and produced $13 billion in revenues over the next three years.

At the end of his 1980 campaign, Reagan charged in a television address: "Mr. Carter is acting as if he hadn't been in charge for the past 3½ years; as if someone else ran up nearly $200 billion in red ink; as if someone else was responsible for the largest deficit in American history; and as if someone else was predicting a budget deficit for this fiscal year of $30 billion or more." Those words will no doubt be thrown back at Reagan, with the added fire that his deficit in one year is about as high as Carter's was in four. House Speaker Tip O'Neill opened the barrage last week, saying, "Acting more like political muggers than legislators, the Republicans have failed to come up with a program to deal with the staggering deficits." Tough talk, but that, of course, will do little to resolve the current impasse. Unfortunately, the principal players now seem to feel that pointing the finger of blame will be more helpful to their political interests than agreeing to any effective deficit-reduction measures. So the only safe bet, it seems, is on the monster. —*By Walter Isaacson. Reported by David Beckwith and Neil MacNeil/Washington*

New Life for an Ailing Bird

Reagan's START concessions revive the MX missile

When Congress last year killed the dense pack basing plan for the MX, the 96-ton ten-warhead missile seemed permanently grounded. Then the blue-ribbon Scowcroft Commission recommended last month that the U.S. develop a smaller, possibly mobile, single-warhead Midgetman missile. In the meantime, the commission suggested, the U.S. should demonstrate its political will by placing 100 MX missiles in existing Minuteman silos, even though these sites might be vulnerable to attack. Key members of Congress wanted the Midgetman, as well as a more flexible approach to arms control. President Reagan wanted the MX and was willing to make concessions to get it. The result: the MX rose from the ashes last week, while the Midgetman became part of Reagan's arms-control equation.

The revival of the MX was shrewdly engineered by the President. Reagan lobbied hard in public, declaring on a political foray into Ohio that "if Congress rejects these [Scowcroft] proposals, it will have dealt a blow to our national security that no foreign power would ever have been able to accomplish." Then he met privately with legislators who remained skeptical about the MX. He also sent accommodating notes to lawmakers who had asked for changes in the Administration's negotiating position in the Strategic Arms Reduction Talks with the Soviet Union, which are scheduled to resume in Geneva on June 8.

One letter went to nine House Democrats who wanted both superpowers gradually to reduce reliance on multiple independently targetable (MIRVed) missiles. These missiles are considered destabilizing because they are tempting first-strike targets. The reason: it takes only one incoming warhead to knock out a Hydra-headed missile on the ground. If each side deployed only single-warhead missiles, there would be more targets, and each incoming warhead could hit only one enemy warhead at a time.

In his reply, Reagan said he "wholeheartedly" endorsed the single-warhead concept, but he was vague about how he planned to incorporate it into his arms-control policy. He wrote: "We are conducting a review of our START proposal with the intention of developing such modifications as are necessary to reflect the commission's approach."

A second letter went to Senators Charles Percy and William Cohen, both Republicans, and Sam Nunn, who carries considerable clout on military matters with his Democratic colleagues. Their major interest was to get the President to endorse the idea of a "build-down" in nuclear missiles. As outlined by Cohen in a newspaper article last January, this plan would have each side dismantle two existing warheads every time it deployed a new one. Reagan liked the idea so much that he called the surprised Cohen to suggest that the concept be refined.

Senators Cohen and Nunn; MX undergoing tests

A START switch or a smokescreen?

Last week, after long meetings with Senators at the White House, Reagan endorsed the build-down principle, but said the 2-for-1 formula was not flexible enough. Pentagon officials had objected that this ratio would penalize the U.S., which is in the process of modernizing its missile forces. The Soviet Union, which is further along in its plans, would have less reason to deploy new missiles, thus escaping the requirement to scrap old ones. An equitable build-down would probably require "variable ratios" designed to bring the U.S. and Soviet forces into rough balance. Reagan agreed with the Senators that a permanent high-level advisory commission, with terms that overlap those of Presidents, should be created to provide continuity in arms-control policy.

With those presidential assurances, however unspecific, committees in both the House and Senate voted to release $600 million in MX funds that had been frozen. The money would be used for flight testing and for studies on how to modify Minuteman silos to accommodate the MX.

Just how much the Administration's arms-control proposals will actually change at Geneva remained in doubt. Up to now, the U.S. has wanted to impose a ceiling of 850 land-based launchers. This would almost certainly have to be raised. The State Department is pushing for a new cap of 1,150, while the Pentagon prefers no limit at all. U.S. planners envision eventually deploying up to 1,000 Midgetmen.

The real sticking point in the Geneva negotiations is the number of warheads to be allowed. Unless the U.S. drops its demand that land-based strategic warheads be limited to 2,500—which would require drastic reductions in the Soviet arsenal, while permitting an actual increase on the American side—no agreement seems likely.

The uncertainty about the Administration's intentions on arms control, despite its reassuring rhetoric, made some critics of the MX in Congress think their colleagues had been hoodwinked by the President. New York's Democratic Congressman Joseph Addabbo charged that Reagan had produced "a smokescreen to cover up what the Administration wants: procurement of the MX, which would waste $20 billion." Wisconsin's Democratic Congressman Les Aspin, while not questioning the President's sincerity in offering arms-control concessions, was worried about whether the Air Force would actually build Midgetman once it had its MX. "The President may not be President in 1985," Aspin said. "The Air Force goes on forever."

Indeed, once a huge weapons system like the MX gets started, it is difficult to kill. But there are many more votes ahead in both houses before MX construction contracts are finally awarded, and wary lawmakers are ready to pull the plug on the MX if the Administration reneges on its arms-control promises. Warned Nunn: "If they change their minds, I can change mine." —*By Ed Magnuson. Reported by Douglas Brew and Evan Thomas/Washington*

"Of all the brazen, covert acts . . . there's the CIA making trouble in Nicaragua!!"

Inching Toward a Policy

Congress and the President push and pull over Central America

"We are better off than we were when we started," said State Department Official William Schneider. "We are crawling back to where we want to be." Sorting through the ambiguities created by a week's worth of arm wrestling with Congress over control of Central American policy, the Administration was able to claim a marginal victory. Lobbyists from the State Department nudged key House and Senate panels toward giving more money and support to El Salvador than many critics had wanted.

Although the House tied the aid up in a cat's-cradle of conditions, the Administration kept open its options on the future of covert operations in Nicaragua and impressed on Congress a fresh spirit of bipartisanship. "There is a new willingness to look at the problem together," said one State Department official. That may be because both sides face political peril. Republicans run the risk of being blamed for increased U.S. involvement in the murky politics of Central America. Democrats of being blamed for a rebel victory if they block aid to the Salvadoran government.

On Tuesday, the Senate Foreign Relations Committee unanimously approved a compromise giving the Administration $76.3 million in military aid for El Salvador for fiscal 1983, which ends Sept. 30. The Administration had requested $136.3 million, and the committee had threatened to allot only $50 million. The Senate panel also approved a military package of $76.3 million for fiscal 1984, only $10 million less than the Administration requested, and agreed to its full economic aid program: $140 million this year and $120 million in 1984.

On Wednesday, however, the House Foreign Affairs Committee opted for a less generous compromise. It endorsed a plan worked out by Democrat Dante Fascell to give Reagan only $65 million in military aid for each of the next three fiscal years. It also attached eleven pages of conditions designed to curb human rights abuses by the Salvadoran government and to bring about "a dialogue, in good faith and without preconditions," between the government and the guerrillas. The aim is to achieve "an equitable political solution to the conflict." If the government refuses to participate, U.S. aid would be cut off within 90 days; if the guerrillas balk, the aid would continue.

Schneider said the Administration could live with the conditions. He contended that the Salvadoran government could engage in talks but still fend off the guerrillas' previously stated demands to reorganize the government to include them, in effect canceling the results of last year's elections, in which they had refused to participate. The Administration has backed the government of Alvaro Alfredo Magaña Borja in its resistance to such "power sharing," and has suggested limiting any dialogue to a discussion of the ground rules under which both sides could participate in elections.

The committee's approach reflects the lawmakers' faith that any talks would have a positive effect. It also presumes that the guerrillas genuinely want to participate in elections, which is by no means certain given their spotty public support. If the guerrillas do not mean to risk their future at the polls, then they could have only one purpose in pushing for negotiations. And that is the very thing that the Administration, and Congress for that matter, wants to avoid: sharing power with the help of a loaded gun. ■

On the Money

Profiting from the Navy

Admiral Hyman Rickover may be in retirement, but his torpedo-like salvos against shipbuilders who rip off American taxpayers are still exploding. About six months before he finally left the Navy in January 1982 after 59 years of cantankerous service, Rickover, now 83, blasted four contractors in particular for making what he called "excessive profits" on their work for the Navy. A House committee asked the General Accounting Office, which is the investigative arm of Congress, to find out whether Rickover was right.

Last week a GAO report declared that the admiral's numbers were essentially on target. Not even the contractors seriously disputed his statistics. The GAO's only quibble was that it could not flatly call the profits "excessive" because "there are no generally accepted criteria as to what constitutes excess profits." The four instances cited by Rickover and verified by the GAO:

▸ Boston's Cabot Corp. had supplied special material used in making large valves for nuclear-propelled ships. Rickover had claimed that the firm made a 66% profit on this contract. The GAO estimate was only slightly lower, 61.3%.

▸ Pittsburgh's U.S. Steel Corp. had supplied high-pressure air flasks for Trident submarines under contracts that carried built-in profits of between 27% and 38%, according to both Rickover and the GAO.

▸ New York State's Carborundum Co. had sold the chemical boron carbide to two prime contractors that were building nuclear reactor cores. Rickover said the company had made a 25% profit on these sales. The GAO agreed.

▸ Virginia's Newport News Shipbuilding & Dry Dock Co. had done repair work on seven nuclear-powered attack submarines. The GAO agreed with Rickover that the company's profits had reached as high as 37% on one job and averaged 21.7% for all seven.

© ANA WALKER

Rickover

The companies insisted that special factors, such as stringent Government specifications and inspections and the heavy investment required to produce items in limited demand, had justified their high return. Rickover had contended that a 1934 law that limits profits on renegotiated Government contracts to 10% for ships, but that does not cover various supplies, was a proper gauge of a generous profit.

Navy Secretary John Lehman suggested that both Rickover and the GAO were wrong. "This Administration disagrees with Admiral Rickover's idea that there is something wicked about profits," he said. "We want our contractors to make a nice solid profit." ■

Answering Uncle Sam's Call

With the economy down and patriotism up, the military is "in"

When Richard Gere, resplendent in his Navy whites, carried Debra Winger off into the celluloid sunset in *An Officer and a Gentleman*, audiences everywhere cheered and cried. If the 1940s-style sentiment was effective, the symbolism was apt: the military's "white knight" image, tainted for years by the stigma of the Viet Nam War, has been spit-and-polished. "Things have really changed," marvels Rick Field, a Navy recruiter in Longmont, Colo. "It's back to the days when the troopers are the good guys."

Not only is the military standing tall again, it is staging a remarkable comeback in the quantity and quality of the recruits it is attracting. Recruiters, once denounced by antiwar students as "baby killers" and barred from campuses, are welcomed even at elite universities. ROTC programs that faltered during the Viet Nam era, when protesters were fire bombing their headquarters, are flourishing again. The military academies are enjoying a steady increase in applications. Says Colonel Manley Rogers, director of admissions for the U.S. Military Academy at West Point: "If someone wishes to complete his basic training by Christmas '83, he should go and enlist immediately. In recent years, there has never been such a queue to join the Army."

Certainly, the depressed economy has increased the allure of the jobs, technical training and generous student loans offered by the military. "Students know that if they go in and become, say, nuclear-weapons specialists, they can come out and demand a salary of $60,000 a year," says History Professor James Leutze, who heads the ROTC board at the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill. Military salaries, while not always competitive with those paid for comparable jobs in the private sector, are more than respectable, especially considering the wide array of benefits that are available: free medical care, room and board, and PX privileges. Monthly pay for a recruit is $574; for a sergeant with four years' service it is $906; for a major with ten years' service it is $2,305. The services' slick $175 million-a-year advertising campaign promising adventure and fulfillment has helped win over the TV generation. "Kids are walking down the school hallways chanting 'Army, Navy, Air Force, Marines,' just like in the commercials," an official of the Army's high school ROTC program in Washington, D.C., was quoted as saying.

But many military officials feel that the key difference is the enhanced patriotism among the nation's youth. "There's a return to the view that the military is an honorable profession," says Assistant Secretary of Defense Lawrence Korb. Agrees U.S. Air Force Academy Director of Admissions Lieut. Colonel Larry Thacker: "With the Salvadors and Lebanons, young people are perceiving the threat to national security more. They are very much into dedication and commitment of service."

JAMES WALLACE/U.S. NAVY

Fresh recruits at San Diego naval base get the once-over from their company commander

"They have a better sense that somebody's got to defend all those things we believe in."

Recruiting for all four services combined is running at 101% of authorized goals, having reached 338,200 last year. (Overall military strength last year was 2.1 million.) "We've been closing out our quotas halfway through the month," says Sergeant Larry Soper, an Army recruiter in Tulsa. The retention rate is now so high (68% of those finishing their tours in fiscal 1982 re-upped, and the percentage is even higher this year) that the services are refusing some re-enlistment applications and reducing annual recruiting targets. "They come in here and say to us, 'I want this or I want that or I don't join,'" says Field. "We tell 'em to hit the bricks. There's a lot of others beating the door down to get in."

Commanding officers rave about the better class of recruits coming in. Says Major General Theodore Jenes Jr., the commander of Colorado's Fort Carson Army post: "The quality we're seeing is going up at an astounding rate. The new kids are easy to train. They have a better sense that the world is a pretty dangerous place and that somebody's got to defend all those things that we believe in." The days of a judge telling a miscreant to join the Army or go to jail are over. "We won't take a man if he has a parking ticket outstanding," said Nashville Navy Recruiter Tony Thomas. Indeed, the services frown on would-be recruits who have not finished high school. In 1980, 68% of the enlistees had diplomas; today that figure is up to 89%, a dozen points higher than the general population.

The military academies are also enjoying halcyon years, attracting more and better-qualified students. Compared to private colleges, where tuition and expenses have been climbing sharply, the service schools are a real bargain: not only is tuition free, but recruits get allowances of up to $500 a month. West Point received 27% more applications this year than it did in 1980, and the Naval Academy had 29% more. The Air Force Academy, which was up 40%, reported 12,300 applicants for the 1,450 positions in this year's freshman class. "We are now just as selective as any of the best universities in the country," says the Naval Academy's Rear Admiral Robert McNitt.

On the sprawling campus of the Air Force Academy at the foothills of the Colorado Rockies, the cadets savor their new status. Says David Tubb, 19, a freshman from Viroqua, Wis.: "My friends are envious. They think I've got a lot going for me." Agrees Classmate Richard Kobor, 18, of Syracuse: "Everyone looks up to you. People call you sir. The military is in."

Nationwide, ROTC enrollment exceeds 105,000, a 64% increase over the 1974 figure of 64,000. "In the mid-'70s, the ROTC students refused to wear their uniforms on campus because they suffered all sorts of ridicule if they did," says Colonel David Ernest, Army ROTC head at the University of Texas. "Now they wear uniforms to class and no one looks at them twice." Viet Nam and Kent State have retreated into hazy memories. "College freshmen today were eight or nine years old when the last American troops withdrew from Viet Nam," says Major Robert Pistana, in charge of recruiting for Army ROTC at the University of Georgia. "To them, Viet Nam is ancient history, something the old folks talk about." —***By Maureen Dowd. Reported by B.J. Phillips/Atlanta and Richard Woodbury/Denver***

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Report Card: Three Bad Marks

EPA gets critiqued; Watt attacked; a Commerce official probed

If governing is an imperfect art form at best, then Government bureaucrats are in a way consummate artists. Imperfection, of course, is a matter of degree. But last week, at three federal agencies, some choice examples of Imperfection's art were on display.

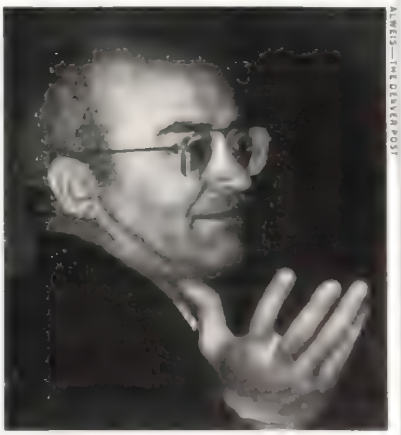
Protect and Serve

Troubles at the Environmental Protection Agency seem only to compound. Two internal reports came to light last week that are not likely to assuage public worries about how well the EPA is protecting the environment. One, commissioned two months ago, is an in-house EPA review of the $1.6 billion hazardous-waste cleanup program known as Superfund. Its conclusion: philosophical conflicts about bureaucratic strategies and efficiencies led to major problems. Infighting between headquarters and regional offices, said the report, effectively stopped the program from going forward. It cast official bickering over procedures and a preoccupation in Washington with saving money in terms of a classic bureaucratic foul-up. Stated the report: "Far from the ideal of top-down management, the program has endured something more akin to management by hung jury."

In addition, the study argued that a more realistic cost effectiveness would be achieved by using the Superfund as it was intended—for rapid cleanup of conditions threatening lives and health. Declared the report: "In sum, with control, not action, the watchword for Superfund, the regions and the program have suffered."

The second EPA report summarized a probe of the work of a private testing firm responsible for evaluating the health and safety hazards of some 212 chemicals, primarily pesticides and herbicides, during the '70s. The study concluded that there had been a pattern of sloppy and fraudulent testing procedures by the firm, Industrial Bio-Test Laboratories, of Northbrook, Ill.

The agency subsequently ordered a review of all chemicals tested after EPA investigators in 1976 first discovered problems with the firm's work. The Justice Department was then asked to investigate. Four former employees of Industrial Bio-Test Laboratories are currently on trial in Chicago's federal district court on charges of submitting false study reports to the Government on four chemicals. Said an EPA spokesman in Washington: "We don't want to frighten anybody. Many of these chemicals are supported by other tests. We're trying to find out just which ones they are."



Interior Secretary Watt: mining troubles

Interior's Wrong Designs

The Interior Department, under feisty Ideologue James Watt, always seems to be in trouble with Congress. On Monday in Lynchburg, Va., Secretary of the Interior Watt addressed the graduating class at Liberty Baptist College, founded by the Moral Majority's Jerry Falwell. Said Watt: "We have seen government used by the enemies of liberty and freedom here in America, God's chosen place." But back in Washington, critics charged that Watt's Interior Department was proving all too charitable, in a most unsaintly way, to private industry.

The second Government report in three weeks charged that Watt had shortchanged the taxpayers on a coal-leasing deal with the nation's energy industry in the Powder River Basin area of Montana and Wyoming. It was the largest lease of federal coal reserves ever (1.6 billion tons). Watt aides had dismissed the earlier report, done by the Democratic staff of the House Appropriations Subcommittee, as a "deceitful political document." But this week's official assessment was prepared by the General Accounting Office, headed by Reagan Appointee Charles Bowsher, the Comptroller General. The GAO's central finding: the Government obtained some $100 million less than fair-market value. The Democrats had estimated that Watt had shortchanged taxpayers by $60 million.

The GAO report questioned "the reasonableness of the department's methods" and urged Watt to postpone further coal leasing. At hearings before the subcommittee on the Interior, Chairman Sidney Yates, Illinois Democrat, charged that the Secretary's plunging ahead in the current soft market was tantamount to a giveaway. Replied Watt: "Congressman Yates believes in central economic planning. We believe in the free market."

That may be, but the controversy over Watt's coal- and offshore-leasing program worries even high-level Interior Department aides. Says one: "This whole fair-market thing could bring Watt down; it could destroy him." But according to Watt, "Every time I increase the hatred of those who oppose me, those on the other side who support me are even more willing to lay down their lives."

A Little Too Commercial

At the Department of Commerce, Deputy Secretary Guy Fiske resigned last week. As the department's No. 2 person, he was in charge of negotiating the proposed sale of the Government's $1.6 billion weather and earth-resources satellites to the private Communications Satellite Corp. (Comsat), which was also the inspiration for the plan. The price was clearly a bargain: $300 million.

At the same time, Fiske held at least four meetings with Comsat officials to discuss becoming an executive with the corporation. The Cabinet Council on Commerce and Trade, which develops policy options for the President, had earlier recommended against selling the satellites. But at the urging of Commerce Secretary Malcolm Baldrige, it reversed itself about five months after Fiske arrived at Commerce. While he insists that there was "no impropriety" in his dealings with Comsat officials, the FBI began investigating Fiske's role in the affair. ■

Cell Motel

Inmates foot their own bills

It may be true that crime doesn't pay, but in Iowa's rural Humboldt and Delaware counties criminals do. Both counties have begun charging prisoners for their room and board. Since April 1, Humboldt has been billing its inmates $30 a day; Delaware followed suit on May 1 with a more modest daily rate of $20. Says Humboldt County Jail Administrator Richard Jurgens: "The taxpayers are sick and tired of paying for drunken drivers and bad-check artists."

During the first five weeks of Humboldt's program, five "guests" ran up a tab of $1,000. Officials in both counties say the prisoners are getting a bargain. At the Delaware County Jail, their payments cover only about 20% of their upkeep. Inmates are provided with such extras as stationery and stamps, free haircuts and medical and dental care.

Humboldt's Jurgens emphasizes that his jail will not become a debtor's prison. Indigents are not kept in custody if they cannot pay after their sentences are completed. The counties pick up the tab for those who are found innocent. Jurgens thinks the plan could have national appeal. Says he: "You can't believe the inquiries and requests for information we get. I want it to spread." ■

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The Battle for Chicago

It is the old machine vs. *the new mayor*

Nobody expected an effortless transition, but nobody quite expected the farce now being played in Chicago. After only two weeks into Harold Washington's four-year term as Chicago's first black mayor, the city government was stalemated. When Washington, a Democrat elected despite opposition from his party's old guard, threatened to make good on his inaugural promise—"Business as usual will not be accepted by the people"—the city's Democratic political Establishment came together in a new, sometimes unseemly vigor, determined to outmaneuver and outbellow the antimachine mayor. To paraphrase the 1955 words of the late alderman Paddy Bauler, it seemed that Chicago was not quite ready for reform yet—not Harold Washington's brand, for sure.

Typical was the scene last Wednesday at a meeting of the 50-member, all-Democratic city council. Frequent howls of "Point of order!" rose from the chamber floor as spectators catcalled back. At one point in the heated 2½-hour session, Alderman Edward Vrdolyak, Cook County Democratic chairman and boss of the Chicago Democratic machine, shouted at the presiding mayor: "Government by chaos, Mr. President. Rule or ruin! Are you a dictator?" When Washington threatened summarily to clear the chamber, Vrdolyak, 45, known as "Fast Eddie" for his slick political skills, leaped to his feet, held out his arms and yelled, "Get the handcuffs out!"

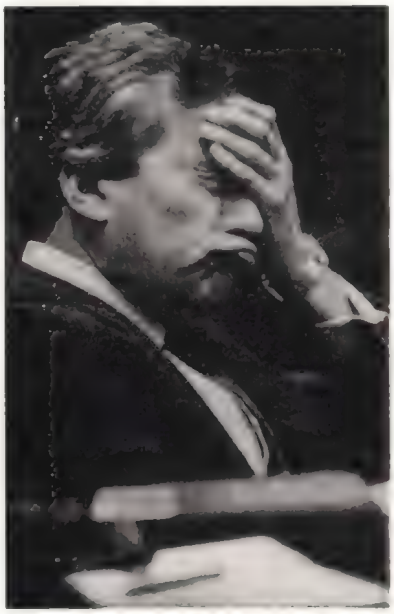
Behind the tantrums and soap-opera posturing was the question of who would govern the city for the next four years. Says Washington, 61, who was elected on April 12 with 51.8% of the vote: "It appears that some members of the city council are apparently experiencing a nervous reaction to the prospect of reform." Shortly after the election, at what was supposed to be a "unity" breakfast, Washington had confided some of his reform notions to Vrdolyak. As might have been predicted, the city's craftiest politician did not respond eagerly to the news that he would be stripped of his job as chairman of the powerful building and zoning committee and of his ceremonial post as president pro tem of the council. "That's when I knew it would be war," Vrdolyak told the Chicago *Sun-Times*. "There's the mayor, the new guy on the block, telling me I'm out. So I say to myself, I thought this guy was just mayor. But he thinks he's king. So, did I want to fight? No. Do I know how? You bet. I don't go down easy."

Vrdolyak marshaled his forces, a majority 29 council votes (28 white, one Hispanic). Washington, with an innocence almost incredible for a man who cut his political teeth in the rough and tumble of Chicago's ward politics, arrived at his first city council meeting Monday, May 2, with only 21 votes (16 black). After three minutes, Washington, realizing he had been outmaneuvered, adjourned the meeting and left the room with his supporters. Vrdolyak seized the microphone and reconvened the meeting, and, as hundreds of Washington partisans who had gathered to watch the historic event shrieked, "Go home! Get out!" the dissident bloc rammed through a humiliating series of rule changes. They weakened the mayor's control over legislation, expanded the number of committees from 20 to 29, assigned machine loyalists to the chairmanships and reduced the number of black chairmen from eight to three. Chicago papers headlined COUP! Washington responded by dispatching patrol cars to council members' homes at midnight the next Thursday to deliver warnings that a planned session the next morning would be illegal. Amid outraged accusations of Nazi tactics and demands that Washington "face the city council like a man," both sides went to court trying to block the other. Further council meetings moved rapidly from parliamentary pandemonium to near fistfights.

In an ironic switch, old-guard city council members began sporting NEW GUARD buttons and complaining about mayoral abuses of power. Says Political Scientist Milton Rakove of the University of Illinois: "This shows us the machine ain't dead yet." By contrast, Washington, who campaigned against patronage, found himself in fact with few bargaining chips in the poker game of Chicago's patronage. Last month Federal Judge Nicholas Bua issued orders cracking down on often ignored proscriptions against political patronage. The practical result: to limit Washington's potential job-appointment pool from 40,000 to about 350. The mayor has raised eyebrows by asking the court to ease the new restrictions.

At the moment, neither side has the votes to prevail. The mayor needs five more for a working majority, but the Vrdolyak bloc needs five more to attain the 34 votes required to override a mayoral veto. A court decision is due Monday, ruling on whether the council proceedings after Washington gaveled the May 2 session to a close were legal.

As the council wrestled for power, city business was on hold, despite a host of financial woes demanding resolution. Meanwhile, bemused Chicagoans debated whether Washington had suffered a crushing defeat or if his resistance represented a refreshing break in the city's long history of machine-controlled mayors. At week's end bargaining teams representing the two warring camps held closed-door cease-fire talks at the Bismarck Hotel. As Alderwoman Marion Volini, a Washington supporter, admitted earlier, "This is chaos. The sooner we get it under control, the better." And said Alderman Roman Pucinski, a Vrdolyak backer, "People around the country think Chicago is in a state of siege. We want to show the world that this city is functioning." —*By Jane O'Reilly. Reported by Christopher Ogden/Chicago*



City Alderman Edward Vrdolyak, left, and New Mayor Harold Washington

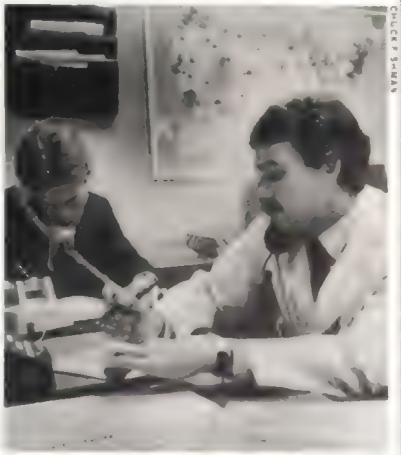
In Chicago, experiencing a nervous reaction to the prospect of reform?

Strung Out and Calling It Quits

To get help, simply dial 800-COCAINE

From San Francisco, a man who had lost his wife and job because of his cocaine habit is contemplating suicide. He is talked out of it and referred to a local drug clinic. A cocaine abuser in Beverly Hills who has been suffering from drug-induced convulsions wants to know if they can possibly be controlled by Dilantin, a drug used for epileptic seizures. Answer: don't try it. A tearful California mother reports that her son has been free-basing cocaine for three years and is about to lose his job as a hotel manager. What can she do? She is referred to a drug-treatment agency near her home.

Those are just a few of the more than 7,000 urgent inquiries received by the National Cocaine Hotline since it went into operation on May 6. Located at Fair Oaks Hospital in Summit, N.J., the toll-free line (number: 800-COCAINE) is staffed by eight trained counselors, several of them former cocaine addicts, backed up by two psychiatrists who specialize in chemical dependency. The response has been so overwhelming that the service may soon beef up its staff and extend its operating hours to 24 a day from the current 17. "The volume of calls has caught us by surprise," says Dr. Mark Gold, director of the hot line. "We had thought there were between 100,000 and 200,000 seriously dependent people in the U.S. The amount of calls indicates that the number may be much higher." If it weren't for the fear of getting arrested, the number of people using the hot line would probably be even greater. "They are so suspicious," says Gold. "They ask if the FBI is listening on the line or if their names will be turned over to the police."



Gold, right, on the Fair Oaks Hospital hot line
Asking: "How bad do you want to quit?"

A specialist in the treatment of drug abuse, Gold, along with two collaborators, pioneered the use of non-opiate drugs in treating heroin addiction. Gold persuaded the Fair Oaks trustees, in the absence of any chemical neutralizing agent for cocaine, to invest $50,000 in a hot line. Says Gold: "If you have no treatment for the disease, but it is in fact preventable, you should do what you can to prevent it."

The idea has proved addicting: as the number of cocaine-related calls at long-established counseling hot lines continues to grow, new centers like N.C.H., devoted exclusively to cocaine, have sprung up on the West Coast. In San Francisco, two private organizations provide hot lines in addition to professional and psychological services for cocaine abusers. Cocaine Intensive is a four-year-old private corporation that offers a 24-hour hot line and specialized treatment for cocaine sniffing, free-basing and injection. Nine out of every ten Cocaine Intensive callers are either divorced or are in the process of divorce, owing, they say, primarily to their cocaine habits. Says C.I. Director Joe Reilly: "Our callers' main fear is how their habit is affecting their personal relationships."

In Los Angeles, Beverly Glen Hospital began a cocaine program and hot line last August. Another group, Cocaine Anonymous, opened its 24-hour cocaine hot line in the area about six months ago. Modeled after Alcoholics Anonymous, it is run exclusively by former cocaine addicts who lead daily meetings in different parts of the city. They emphasize mutual support and positive example. "I always answer out of my own experience," says Raymond, one of the group's original members. When asked by callers "How hard is it to quit?" he answers: "How bad do you want to?" ■

Boffo in the Buff

Some kind of night at the opera

It is not an everyday event for a woman to rise topless from a large cauldron in Memphis. But when Cheryllynn Ross did so last week as Hecate during the New York–based Metropolitan Opera touring performance of *Macbeth*, she was risking more than a chill: the city's tough new antinudity ordinance, aimed chiefly at topless dancers, could have brought quick arrest. Two division commanders of the local police were on the scene. Would they rush the cauldron and haul its contents off to the slammer?

Well, no. But as the curtain went up a stir in the back of the first balcony proved almost as dramatic. At a cry of "Bravo!"—"Brava!" would have been more correct—20 men and women bared their chests and held up candles, lighters and flashlights so that their fellow opera lovers in the audience of 2,360 could catch their act. All were members of an antiordinance group called MASH (Memphians Against Social Harassment), formed last month by Memphis Restaurateur Paul Savarin to combat MAD (Memphians Against Degeneracy), the pro-ordinance lobby. Rudi E. Scheidt, president of the Memphis group that sponsors the Met visit each year, called the protest "a hell of an embarrassment to Memphis." But most citizens took the incident in stride. Carey Wong, of Opera Memphis, was rhapsodic: "It was a lovely gesture, a captivating moment." David Reuben, spokesman for the Met tour, suggested that if the Met could survive the 1906 earthquake in San Francisco, where it performed *Carmen* with Caruso, it would probably survive the topless tremors in Tennessee too.

To many Memphis residents, upset by the proliferation of adult bookstores and topless nightclubs, MAD is not out of its mind. But even though Police Director John Holt insisted after the protest that the ordinance would still be enforced, he announced his own surprise: three high-ranking police officers on duty that night were put on suspension, without pay, two of them for being in the vicinity of the opera hall against orders. MASH jumped back into the fray with a declaration that policemen, like all other citizens, are entitled to go to the opera. As for MAD, perhaps it could expand to meet the new crisis, possibly forming new groups called Memphians Against Damsels Doing Ecdysiast Routines (MADDER), Memphians Against Chest Hair at Operas (MACHO) or, to honor the Met, Memphians Against Culture Buffs Exposing Themselves Heedlessly (MACBETH). ■

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An Israeli soldier at a forward observation post in the Bekaa Valley of eastern Lebanon peers through binoculars at a Syrian position

DAVID RUBINGER

MIDDLE EAST

Playing a Dangerous Game

Supported by Moscow, Syria backs away from its promise to leave Lebanon

"No war is possible without Egypt, and no peace is possible without Syria."
—Henry Kissinger

Sure enough, it was Syria's turn, backed by the Soviet Union, to block the withdrawal of foreign forces from Lebanon. After five months of negotiations, the U.S. had finally extracted an agreement from Israel and Lebanon for a removal of Israel's 30,000 troops in Lebanon. But the deal was based on a simultaneous withdrawal of Syrian and Palestine Liberation Organization forces. When U.S. Secretary of State George Shultz flew to the Syrian capital of Damascus, capping two weeks of shuttle diplomacy that had brought about the Israeli-Lebanese accord, he learned that Syrian President Hafez Assad had a long list of objections.

Lebanese Foreign Minister Elie Salem heard about those objections firsthand when he flew to Damascus late last week, hoping at the very least to talk the Syrians into holding discussions on the subject. He got nowhere. On his return to Beirut, Salem declared gloomily, "We know that President Assad will not accept the agreement." Undeterred, the Lebanese government unanimously approved the accord with Israel the next day.

The Syrians appeared to have embarked on a dangerous game. In the past two months, they have sent an additional 10,000 troops into the Bekaa Valley of eastern Lebanon, increasing their strength to nearly 50,000. At the same time, P.L.O. commandos have slipped back into northern Lebanon, swelling their ranks from 8,000 to at least 10,000. Among them: P.L.O. Chairman Yasser Arafat, who in his first trip back to Lebanon since his forced departure from Beirut last summer reportedly spent a day visiting guerrilla units in the Bekaa Valley. The Syrian war machine, shattered by Israel during last year's fighting in Lebanon, has been restocked with bigger and better equipment that requires the presence of 4,800 to 6,000 Soviet military advisers and technicians. In what many diplomats saw as a blatant attempt to heighten tension in the area, the Soviets ostentatiously removed 110 diplomatic dependents from Beirut, as if to indicate that they feared an impending conflict.

The U.S. acknowledged the increase in Syrian and P.L.O. troop strength in Lebanon. Said Shultz after his return to Washington: "First of all, it is a violation of the agreement under which the P.L.O. evacuated Beirut. Second, it is an unwelcome development. We want them to be moving out, not in." In the meantime, the State Department issued a list of statements in which Syria had promised to get out of Lebanon as soon as the Israelis did. On Feb. 14, for example, Syrian Foreign Minister Abdel Halim Khaddam told his French counterpart, Claude Cheysson, that "Syria would withdraw its forces from Lebanon if the Israelis withdrew their troops." U.S. diplomats note that Syrian officials have repeatedly said the

same thing to them in private.

Israeli Foreign Minister Yitzhak Shamir told the Knesset last week that if Syria did not pull its troops out of Lebanon now, "Israel will be free to act according to its interests." He meant that Israel would leave its troops in Lebanon as long as it saw fit, perhaps concentrating them in more defensible positions in the southern part of the country. By late last week most of the "clarifications" of the agreement that Israel had demanded had been sorted out, paving the way for a signing some time this week

Most U.S. analysts played down the significance of reports that the Syrians and, by implication, the Soviets were preparing for war. Said a senior U.S. diplomat in Washington: "We think it's bluster and bluff to scare the hell out of Lebanon not to ratify the agreement with Israel, no more than that." A Western diplomat in Moscow noted that there was no sign that the Soviets had evacuated any dependents from Damascus. That, he added, was "the important thing."

The U.S. is convinced that Syria, even with its new Soviet-supplied equipment, could not win a shooting war with Israel, and, moreover, that it could not profit diplomatically from engaging in such a war. Nor does the U.S. see any signs that Israel might be preparing a pre-emptive strike, at least not yet. The Israelis are concerned about the military buildup in Syria. But they are also worried about the risk of greater casualties in Lebanon, and they are particularly interested at the moment in patching up their relations with the U.S. Indeed, suggests a Middle East specialist in Washington, a limited increase in tension may well bring Israel some unexpected political benefits on Capitol Hill. Last week the House Foreign Affairs Committee voted to add $300 million to the Reagan Administration's request for $550 million in military grants to Israel in 1984. Only a few days earlier, the Administration had announced that it was ready to lift the ban, imposed after the Israeli invasion of Lebanon last June, on the sale of 75 F-16 jet fighters to Israel

What the U.S. fears most in the current situation is an accidental conflict. Says former National Security Council Member William Quandt, now a Brookings Institution fellow: "This does not appear to be the kind of deliberate buildup that we saw in anticipation of the 1973 war But the danger is that it will be like 1967, when there was no real intent to go to war, but tensions rose and rose to the point where no one could find a way to back down." Declared State Department Spokesman Alan Romberg last week: "We have repeatedly noted that with Israeli and Syrian forces juxtaposed in a tense situation, there is the persistent threat of renewed hostilities."

President Reagan and Shultz confer about the Israeli-Lebanese accord

The U.S., in fact, hopes that the Soviet Union, whose main aim seems to be to rebuild its weak diplomatic position in the Middle East, will act as a restraint on Syria. The Soviets, according to U.S. thinking, would have little to gain from an outbreak of fighting between Syria and Israel. They could again be embarrassed militarily, as they were last year when the Israelis shot down about 100 of Syria's Soviet-made jet fighters.

Syrian President Assad's motives appear far more complex. He probably hoped to frighten the Lebanese into rejecting the Shultz agreement because, in his view, the agreement would leave Israel in a position to threaten Syria militarily. Assad still thinks of Lebanon, which used to be part of Syria, as something of a dependency, and he objects to any diplomatic developments that might threaten its traditional pro-Arab position. Specifically, Assad dislikes the provisions in the Shultz agreement that call for talks leading to an improvement in relations between Israel and Lebanon once the foreign troops have all gone home. The reason: Since Camp David, Assad has been determined to keep any other Arab country from signing a separate peace treaty with Israel. He opposes any step-by-step approach to solving the region's problems, favoring instead a comprehensive settlement for the Middle East Without such a settlement, he fears that Syria will lose all hope of retrieving the Golan Heights, which Israel seized from Syria in the 1967 war and annexed in 1981

According to U.S. diplomats, Assad's current war of nerves is primarily a bargaining ploy. He has not rejected the Israeli-Lebanese withdrawal agreement totally; instead, he appears to be laying down his opening bid in a long, difficult and undoubtedly costly process of negotiation. After his own disappointing stopover in Damascus, Secretary of State Shultz insisted that, despite Syria's lack of enthusiasm, it had not "slammed the door" on an eventual agreement. Shultz was equally optimistic when he reported on his mission to President Reagan. Said the Secretary: "I am confident that in the end [the withdrawal] will happen."

Maybe so, but the diplomatic price will be considerable. Assad opposed President Reagan's peace plan of last September because he saw nothing in it for Syria. In Assad's eyes, the Reagan plan, which called for the Israeli-occupied West Bank and Gaza Strip to be linked with Jordan, threatened to split Jordan and the P.L.O. from Syria, much as Egypt had been split from the rest of the Arab world when it made peace with Israel in 1979.

Accordingly, Assad played an instrumental role in blocking Jordanian King Hussein's entry into any U.S.-sponsored negotiations. He told P.L.O. Chairman Arafat that if the P.L.O. tacitly allowed Hussein to join the peace process, Syria would establish a rival P.L.O. in Damascus that would speak for Palestinians in Lebanon and Syria. To preserve his organization, Arafat withdrew from his talks with Hussein. In an effort to placate Arafat, Assad agreed to let the P.L.O. increase its troop strength in Lebanon

In the meantime, the Soviets moved with inordinate speed to rearm Syria after last year's debacle. The original Soviet motive was simply to re-establish its military relationship with Syria and the radical Arabs. Later, as the withdrawal negotiations foundered, the Soviets

Defense Secretary Weinberger with Saudi Prince Sultan

What the U.S. most fears is an accidental conflict.

spotted an unexpected target of opportunity: a chance to play a pivotal role in an arena from which they have largely been excluded for six years. In effect acknowledging their increasing influence, Shultz last week asked the Soviets to "get on the side of peace" and to urge Syria to pull its troops out of Lebanon.

There are other signs that the Soviets are aiming for a comeback in the Middle East. Having failed to win influence with the Iranian government of Ayatullah Ruhollah Khomeini, Moscow is now strongly backing Iraq, which unlike Iran is Arab, in the 2½-year-old Iran-Iraq war. Egypt, which all but severed diplomatic ties with the Soviet Union in 1981, is on the verge of exchanging ambassadors with Moscow once again. There are even reports that Saudi Arabia's King Fahd has sent a letter to Soviet Leader Yuri Andropov pleading for Soviet help in resolving the Iran-Iraq war. Andropov is said to have made a good impression so far on the moderate Arabs, particularly in contrast with the weak and vacillating Leonid Brezhnev.

Although the U.S. appears to have little chance of bringing about a withdrawal of Syrian troops from Lebanon any time soon, it will press ahead in its dealings with Syria, hoping to find out precisely what Assad's price is. At the same time, the Reagan Administration is trying to persuade moderate Arabs to lend a hand. Shultz stopped over in Saudi Arabia to confer with King Fahd, but the Saudis emerged later with a rather grumpy pronouncement that they would not serve as anyone's "tool." Translation: With their characteristic caution, which often borders on gutlessness, the Saudis are waiting for others to do the work for them. That message came through when President Assad visited Saudi Arabia's King Fahd in Jidda, and was emphasized again when U.S. Defense Secretary Caspar Weinberger met with the Saudi Defense Minister, Prince Sultan, in Paris.

A big question, as Washington steps up its contacts with Syria, is just what the U.S. can offer Assad as an effective inducement. As long as Israel's artillery is within 14 miles of Damascus, an Israeli withdrawal from Lebanon should be the primary incentive. A longer-range Syrian goal is recovery of the Golan Heights. Shultz said last week that he was not "applying" for the job of negotiator between Syria and Lebanon. But once the perimeters of the problem have been established, probably under the guidance of Special Envoy Philip Habib, Shultz may have to embark on another exercise in Middle East shuttle diplomacy. Having pressed the Israelis to leave Lebanon, the U.S. is now obliged to try to persuade the Syrians to uphold their end of the bargain. —*By William E. Smith. Reported by Johanna McGeary/Washington and Roberto Suro/Damascus*

A Marriage of Convenience

Six months ago, the Soviet Union was no more than an irrelevant bystander in the Middle East poker game. But since then, Moscow has anted up with a vengeance by resupplying Syria with large quantities of highly sophisticated weapons. The Soviet aim has been not merely to replace equipment lost when Syria tried to blunt Israel's invasion of Lebanon last June, but to increase Soviet influence in the region by offering the regime of Syrian President Hafez Assad more and better matériel than he had before. Moscow, moreover, has added a new dimension to its involvement in Syria by installing SA-5 missile bases that have to be manned by Soviet troops and technicians. Says a West European diplomat in Damascus: "For the first time, the Soviets have bases in Syria. This is a categorical and qualitative change in the nature of Soviet involvement."

Located near the towns of Dumeir and Shimshar, the sites consist of two batteries of 12 launchers each. Spare missiles bring the total number of SA-5s to about 50. The complex early warning and tracking radars, plus the communications systems and defenses made up of less advanced batteries, are all manned and operated by Soviets. Even though the SA-5s are integrated into a Syrian-controlled air-defense network, the Kremlin has a veto over their use. So tight is Soviet control, in fact, that the Syrian Defense Minister has never been allowed to enter the bases.

SOVFOTO

Assad meets Brezhnev in Moscow in 1980

The Soviets have been equally generous in providing more conventional arms to the Syrians. Since the Lebanese conflict began, the Soviets have supplied Syria with about 100 fighter aircraft to replace those lost in dogfights over the Bekaa Valley. The bulk of the new aircraft are advanced MiG-23s. Some 300 to 400 T-62 and T-72 tanks have been added to the Syrian arsenal, well in excess of the number of older and smaller T-54s and T-55s lost in Lebanon. The Soviets have also provided about 200 armored personnel carriers, and between 600 and 800 trucks and other wheeled vehicles, considerably improving the mobility of Syrian forces.

The basis for Soviet military assistance to Syria is a treaty of "friendship and cooperation" that was signed by Assad and former Soviet Leader Leonid Brezhnev in Moscow in 1980. The pact was drawn up at a time when Syria's increasing isolation from other Arab countries was causing Assad to rethink a foreign policy that has been described as "acrobatic nonalignment." But even while courting Moscow's increased attentions, Assad has never been more than a reluctant Soviet suitor. For two years after the treaty's signing, Assad mysteriously failed to reappoint a Syrian Ambassador to Moscow. Following Israel's crushing victories last summer, however, Assad's room for maneuver shrank. Two months ago, Syrian Ambassador Muhammad Ali Halabi presented his credentials in Moscow. Despite the dramatic increase in Soviet military aid to Syria, foreign analysts are leery of attaching too much importance to the relationship. Says a Western diplomat in Damascus: "Right now this is a very happy marriage of convenience."

The price of the convergence to the Syrians is not precisely known, but according to U.S. intelligence experts, the bill may run as high as $2 billion. Among other things, Western diplomats believe that Syria, in order to pay for its new arms, has been obliged to increase its economic involvement with the Soviet bloc. Against the advice of many of its own experts, for example, the Syrian national airline recently decided to buy Soviet-made Tupolev airliners. A Syrian contract with the French to build an experimental nuclear reactor has been handed to the Soviets. Similarly, a $200 million Syrian deal with a Western consortium to build a major electrical generating plant was transferred to Moscow. Most diplomats feel that if given a choice, Assad would rather keep his business dealings in the West. The problem is that for the time being only Moscow is willing to sell Syria the military hardware that it craves.

How to turn a simple party into a royal ball.

AFGHANISTAN

More Agony

An odd peace offensive

All along the main highway north of Kabul, Soviet and Afghan air and ground artillery bombardments rained down on guerrilla positions. Earlier, Soviet helicopter gunships and fighter-bombers had pounded Charikar, the capital of Parwan province, and villages in the nearby Kheyr Khaneh Pass, sending thousands of refugees into the capital city of Kabul. Those who were able to flee across the border into Pakistan called last week's attacks the heaviest since the 1979 Soviet invasion of Afghanistan. After the attacks, Soviet helicopters dropped leaflets saying "Peace is on the way."

Washington publicly deplored the "extremely heavy, brutal and prolonged" Soviet bombing of rebel regions, and repeated the U.S. desire "to see Afghanistan's agony brought to an end through Soviet troop withdrawal as part of a negotiated settlement." Western military analysts in Pakistan said that the Soviets may be trying to soften up their withdrawal routes for the time when a pullout is arranged. But Moscow was hardly taking any chances. In Ghazni, south of Kabul, some 10,000 Soviet troops, along with ground and air support, were reportedly massed in preparation for a maneuver to seal off the border with Pakistan.

The northern Pakistani city of Peshawar, which serves as headquarters for the Afghan rebels, was rife with rumors last week that some kind of deal was about to be worked out between the Soviet-installed regime of Afghan President Babrak Karmal and the government of Pakistani President Mohammed Zia ul-Haq. Diplomats from the two countries have been meeting in Geneva under the auspices of the United Nations in an attempt to negotiate an agreement, but the rebels are opposed to the talks on the grounds that they are not represented.

Pakistan has good reason to hope for a solution to the 3½-year-old conflict, which has sent 3 million Afghan refugees, many of them heavily armed, streaming across the border. Pakistan recently ordered the guerrillas to move out of Peshawar and into more remote regions closer to the Afghan border. In an attempt to reassure the rebels, Zia said last week that Pakistan would continue to support the Afghan resistance until a satisfactory political solution had been achieved.

In preparation for the next round of talks between Pakistan and Afghanistan, which are set to begin in Geneva in June, U.N. Under Secretary General Diego Cordovez has been trying to put together a comprehensive plan. It would include 1) the withdrawal of the 105,000 Soviet troops now in Afghanistan, 2) the repatriation of the Afghan refugees in Pakistan and an additional million who are in Iran, and 3) a guarantee of Afghanistan's right to self-determination without external interference in its internal affairs. Last month, Cordovez declared that an accord was "95% in the bag," but he may have been overly optimistic. Says a U.S. State Department specialist: "We do not see the Soviets leaving a volatile situation behind, and we do not see any Afghan government, even a coalition, acceptable to them that would not face continued resistance from the people."

Relations between Washington and Kabul became even frostier than usual last week after Afghanistan expelled U.S. Second Secretary Peter Graham, accusing the diplomat of selling pornographic literature in exchange for rugs. Calling the charge "ludicrous and wholly without foundation," the State Department retaliated by ordering Masjaedi Hewadmal, second secretary at the Afghan embassy in Washington, to leave. ■

The Soviet-supported regime shows off its military might at a parade in Kabul

The leaflets said that peace was on the way, but Moscow was not taking any chances.

SOVIET UNION

Taking Root

Seeds of hope for Andropov

Since he replaced Leonid Brezhnev last November, Soviet Leader Yuri Andropov has, whether by choice or political necessity, maintained a low domestic profile. Now, however, the name of the stooped and often visibly tired former KGB chief is beginning to sprout more frequently on the front pages of Soviet newspapers. Moreover, in a long *Pravda* article published last week, Defense Minister Marshal Dmitri Ustinov for the first time referred to Andropov as Chairman of the Defense Council. The new title meant that Andropov now holds a post equivalent to commander in chief, thereby occupying two of the three top positions once held by Brezhnev. (The office of President remains unfilled.) Some Kremlinologists infer that Andropov has been consolidating his powers over rivals like Konstantin Chernenko, a onetime Brezhnev protégé, who has not been seen in public since March 30.

Andropov's prospects may be further strengthened thanks to last week's prediction by the U.S. Department of Agriculture that the Soviet grain harvest over the coming year will increase by 14%. The last four Soviet harvests have been unnaturally scanty, so much so that the Soviet government refused to announce production figures for the past two seasons. But this year the U.S.D.A. forecasts a total Soviet grain production of around 200 million metric tons. That figure falls far short of 1978's record 237.4 million tons and of this year's optimistic target of 238 million tons. But, after two consecutive years of 160 or 180 million tons annually, the projected upswing heralds a notable improvement.

The Soviets may reap additional solace from the likelihood that the increase is caused not only by an unusually mild winter and early spring, but also by the conversion of recalcitrant farmers. They seem to be at last responding to the initiatives outlined in Brezhnev's controversial "Food Program," under which farmers throughout the Soviet Union have begun to form "contract brigades" that reward members with cash or produce whenever crops exceed a predetermined goal. Says a U.S. expert: "By the inefficient standards of Soviet agriculture, the contract system appears to be a step forward."

As if to underscore Andropov's authority, the Soviet news agency TASS announced last week that Nobel Peace Prizewinning Physicist Andrei Sakharov, exiled to the city of Gorki since 1980, would not be allowed to accept an invitation from Vienna University to teach there for a year. The ostensible reason: Sakharov, who helped develop the Soviet hydrogen bomb in the 1950s, knows too many state secrets. ■

A jubilant Margaret Thatcher returns to 10 Downing Street after calling elections

BRITAIN

Off and Running

Thatcher calls a snap election

The campaign will be brief, but the election will present British voters with their starkest choice in a half-century. Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher has steered her Conservative Party hard to the right over the past four years. At the same time, the Labor Party, under the lackluster and ineffectual leadership of Michael Foot, offers a platform that is more leftist than ever before. The Social Democratic Party/Liberal Alliance, which is competing in general elections for the first time, adds a new element of uncertainty to the contest. Said Labor M.P. Tony Benn: "This is going to be the most fundamental election campaign we have ever fought in our lives."

Thatcher's announcement last week of new elections caught even some of her closest aides by surprise. But once she had made the decision, she wasted not a moment. By breakfast time Monday, she had informed her Cabinet. Shortly after noon, she drove to Buckingham Palace to tell Queen Elizabeth II. Within the hour, the news was out: the Prime Minister had called general elections for June 9, nearly a year before her five-year term was up.

As Thatcher's senior advisers had pointed out to her in a weekend meeting at Chequers, the Prime Minister's country estate, she is in a stronger position than any other British political leader since World War II. The latest MORI (Market and Opinion Research International) poll showed the Conservatives ahead with 49%, compared with 34% for the Labor Party and 15% for the Social Democratic Party/Liberal Alliance. Thatcher would have preferred to hold elections later in the fall or even next year, but her advisers urged her not to delay. Local elections a week earlier had confirmed recent polls showing that the Labor Party was picking up strength. Inflation, now down to nearly 4%, is expected to rise again later in the year.

Labor's Foot derided the Prime Minister for her "irresolute rush" to elections and charged that "care and compassion had been thrown out the window" during her term. Labor had favored later elections to give the party more time to close the rift between its radical left and moderate wings. But there was also grumbling among some Tory M.P.s, who noted that the party had not even selected its candidates in 20 constituencies. In fact, the 31-day campaign will interfere with several important international meetings. Thatcher promptly canceled talks with President Reagan in Washington on May 27. But she still planned to attend the seven-nation economic summit in Williamsburg, Va., from May 28 to 30.

The fact that the opposition is divided is a major plus for the Tories. But both Labor and the Alliance will argue that Britain's economy is far worse as a result of Thatcher's four years in office. Unemployment now stands at 13.6%—2½ times the level when she took office—and it is sure to rise during the coming year. Labor has called for a $17.5 billion reflation of the economy to create jobs, a prospect that frightens some moderate economists, while the Alliance is proposing a more restrained program of government spending to boost the economy. The Tories will respond that inflation is the lowest in 15 years, and the government's tough, antistrike policy has tamed the trade unions.

Another sharply drawn issue is defense. Although Labor's campaign manifesto carefully fudged its position to accommodate the strong internal differences, the party is on record as being opposed to the deployment of 160 U.S. cruise missiles. It also opposes the government's plans to purchase some 80 Trident submarine missiles from the U.S. Instead, Labor advocates a unilateral ban on all nuclear weapons in Britain. The party's candidates will undoubtedly get a strong boost from the Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament, which has vowed to field an army of volunteers to help elect M.P.s who endorse antinuclear policies.

As party strategists hastily planned logistics and mapped schedules, all the political leaders decided to kick off the campaign in Scotland. Liberal Party Leader David Steel, the S.D.P.'s Roy Jenkins and Labor's Foot planned to be in Glasgow. Thatcher happened to have a speaking engagement at the Scottish Conservative Party conference in Perth. With all the polls showing the Prime Minister so far ahead, her biggest concern was complacency. As she told a gathering of Tory M.P.s last week, "Opinion polls do not win elections. Work does." ■

CHILE

Day of Rage

Labor protests turn violent

It was the worst outbreak of violence Chile had seen since the brutal overthrow of Marxist President Salvador Allende by the military regime of Augusto Pinochet 9½ years ago. It began last Wednesday as a peaceful Day of Protest over the country's desperate economic straits and quickly flared into widespread rioting. Three hundred police and militia fought about 1,500 protesters for control of downtown Santiago. By Thursday authorities had finally restored order, but at a tragic price: two civilians had been killed, 150 protesters were injured and 600 arrested.

Trouble had been brewing for weeks. Earlier this month students and workers led a march in Santiago that erupted into rioting. The powerful 27,000-member National Conference of Copper Workers called for a national strike. Other unions, arguing that there was not adequate organization for the work stoppage, resisted such precipitous action. Instead, the opposing sides called for a boycott of schools and a traffic slowdown.

At first it seemed that restraint might prevail. But when 200 students tried to occupy the library at the University of Chile, in the eastern part of Santiago, 50 police attacked with tear gas, brutally clubbing the protesters for nearly two hours. Then truncheon-wielding guards charged into an overflow crowd of dissident lawyers and students gathered to support the workers; about 15 were injured.

The government tried to blame "the Marxist left and foreign intervention" for the bloodshed. But even well-known supporters of the regime disagreed. The government, declared the respected conservative daily *El Mercurio*, "should strengthen itself by regaining the confidence of those who, ten years ago, massively demanded the intervention of the armed forces." There was no sign that Pinochet was listening. At week's end Chilean police launched a series of raids in Santiago, arresting about 1,000 people. ■

FRANCE

A Riotously Unhappy Anniversary

After two years of Socialism, the mood turns testy and resentful

On May 10, 1981, youthful Frenchmen were careering jubilantly through the streets of Paris, trailing red flags from their cars and chanting, "We've won! We've won!" Standing in the chill spring rain at the Place de la Bastille, others laughingly shouted, "Mitterrand, give us some sun!" Even as a joke, that demand was a measure of the impossible hopes raised by French President François Mitterrand's election victory two years ago, a historic occasion that brought to an end 23 years of conservative rule.

Last week, though, neither Mitterrand nor his ruling Socialist Party observed the second anniversary of his mandate with so much as a public toast or official reference. Any celebrations, in fact, would have been unseemly in the face of widespread disillusionment in France that, under the pressure of economic austerity, is deepening into a testy, resentful mood. On this year's rainy May 10, the youths on the streets were students

Sling-shooting rocks at the police

protesting education reforms. Instead of red flags and roses, they carried anti-government placards and, occasionally, crowbars to use against riot police.

Once again, spring was bringing forth the strains and tensions of a society that never has accepted easily the constraints of government or the call for sacrifice in the national interest. Clouds of tear gas rising over the center of Paris, gangs of masked students clashing with riot police in the Latin Quarter, banner-bearing protest marchers, including farmers, doctors, teachers, retailers and small businessmen—all these signs of widespread unrest seemed disturbingly familiar to many Frenchmen. There were nagging fears of a repetition of the popular upheaval in May 1968 that rocked Charles de Gaulle's regime to its foundations and led to his departure from office a year later. Was the same thing now happening, in reverse, to a Socialist President?

The answer, according to government officials, leaders of the opposition and even most of the demonstrators, was that history was not repeating itself. Beyond the folklore of protest, the political realities of 1983 bear little resemblance to those of 1968. Above all, this time militant students lack the support of the unions and workers, who tend to regard them as part of the privileged bourgeois elite. Alain Krivine, one of the leaders of the 1968 uprising and now head of a Trotskyite splinter party, recalled that "we had 60,000 to 70,000 students in the streets." In the past three weeks, fewer than 10,000 students have turned out for any given protest. Said Krivine: "Today's movement is divided between left and right. It is reformist, while ours was an explosion against a whole society."

Nor do the students have any real link with the merchants, doctors and farmers. Says Charles Millon, a leader of the *Union pour la Démocratie Française*, founded by former President Valéry Giscard d'Estaing: "What is going on is an expression of corporatist, or special interest, discontent in French society." So far, the mood has translated into a bewildering checkerboard of largely middle-class protest. Hospital interns and senior clinic physicians struck nationwide for five weeks, protesting a government plan that would reduce their chances for promotion. University students are objecting to a sweeping plan, drawn up by Education Minister Alain Savary, that they say is threatening academic freedom by proposing to make universities more responsive to the needs of the economy. Medical students are opposing exams designed to determine who will be allowed to become specialists, while pharmacy students are refusing to accept official plans to prolong their studies by a year. All this is hardly the stuff of revolution, but it was heady enough to inspire many rightist students to lead last week's more violent demonstrations in Paris, where dozens were injured and more than 100 arrested. In Cannes, about 500 medical students disrupted the annual film festival by building bonfires of smoking rubber tires in front of the festival site, until dispersed by police with tear gas. Protesters also clashed with police in Lyon and Bordeaux.

In an attempt at conciliation, Savary last week received a delegation of representatives from five Paris universities but rejected any significant concessions. As a result, the students are planning to stage a climactic protest on May 24, when the National Assembly begins debate on the controversial education bill. Students from all over the country are expected to try to mass around the parliament in a show of strength that, inevitably, will be challenged by tough riot police.

SIMON—GAMMA/LIAISON

Nursing grievances: students on the march through Paris

Perhaps the most surprising demonstration was the march by more than 10,000 shopkeepers and other small businessmen a fortnight ago to protest government price controls and other austerity restrictions. Accompanied by a goat on a leash, symbolizing the marchers' refusal to be scapegoats for the squeeze, the mid-

dle-aged multitude was tear-gassed by the police at the Pont d'Alma in the shadow of the Eiffel Tower. Said Jean Brunet, vice president of the 1.5 million-member Small and Medium Business Confederation: "We are demanding the freedom to manage our own businesses as we choose." Farmers, meanwhile, were planning to pursue their running protest against the government's failure to secure higher prices for their commodities. In Brittany, they went on window-smashing rampages, while in the southwest they barricaded highways in search of imported produce. Says Rudi Roussillon, spokesman for the 700,000-member National Federation of Farmers: "We are not political militants but people with real economic problems."

TORREGANO—COLLECTIF

Lodging protests: merchants, inset, and professors

France's disparate outbursts of discontent only reflect what opinion polls have been recording for months: the Socialist government's steady fall from favor. The proportion of the population dissatisfied with the government's performance has risen to 52%, compared with 27% only a year ago. Still, rebellion was hardly a threat, if only because the political opposition prudently has avoided exploiting the scattered disorders. Former Premier Raymond Barre warned his supporters not to "fan the flames." Neo-Gaullist Leader and Paris Mayor Jacques Chirac broke a long silence to warn against "an agitation that is dangerous for the social and political equilibrium of the country." Mitterrand need not call new legislative elections until 1986, and the next presidential election is scheduled for 1988. Said an official of Chirac's *Rassemblement pour la République:* "We could put a million people on the Champs-Elysées, but what good would that do?"

Still, the Socialist government faced a continuing erosion of its authority because of a growing lack of conviction that its harsh economic medicine will work. Faced with a weak franc, record trade deficits and about 10% inflation, Finance Minister Jacques Delors last March imposed an austerity plan that was harsher than anything his conservative predecessors ever proposed. He chopped $7 billion in current spending, imposed a 1% personal income surtax and required each taxpayer to make a loan to the state equal to 10% of last year's income tax. The measures would diminish the purchasing power of virtually all Frenchmen, but they were especially resented by the already hard-hit middle- and upper-income brackets.

In the eight weeks since Delors presented his program, almost nothing has gone right for the government. The French were deeply irritated by a strict $285-a-year ceiling on the amount of money they could spend on vacations abroad. The new tax burdens were considered "too heavy" for workers. Then came the unexpectedly sharp rise of the dollar against the franc (7% since mid-March), which bowled over the goals that Delors had set for his plan. Even the official National Institute of Statistics and Economic Studies concluded that inflation could not be reduced to 8% by the end of the year and that the trade deficit would be closer to $8.6 billion than the targeted $6.4 billion.

With the franc under pressure again, disagreement within the Socialist Party over economic policy is bubbling up publicly, adding to a general perception of governmental disarray. Disaffection is strongest among left-wing Socialists and some Communists. They argue that instead of meekly accepting painful austerity, the government should 1) withdraw from the European Monetary System, which links seven major European currencies; 2) correct the trade imbalance through protectionist import restrictions; and 3) concentrate on creating jobs. Jean Poperen, the party's deputy leader, last month charged that the government was losing its "popular support" and called for a return to the "class struggle" as the Socialists' central theme. Edmond Maire, leader of the Socialist-dominated *Confédération Française Démocratique du Travail*, has repeatedly criticized the government for failing to consult the unions before making unpopular economic decisions.

Assailed from both the left and the right, the Socialists' economic management now rests with the respected, hard-headed Delors, who is struggling to repair the mistake the Mitterrand administration made when it sought to spend its way out of recession. Delors is gambling that his package will start to show results by autumn—if there is a global economic recovery that helps buoy French exports and visibly cuts into unemployment. But he is facing daunting deadlines. The first comes in October, when his anti-inflation strategy will be tested in wage negotiations with 4 million public service workers. The next is the Socialist Party Congress in the fall, the first in two years, when party radicals are expected to challenge present economic policy.

If most Socialist leaders are not yet frightened by the current street disturbances, they are afraid that the impact of austerity eventually could stir up worker protest. Says Socialist Deputy Christian Pierret, the influential chairman of the National Assembly's finance committee: "I am far more concerned about the impatience that is developing in certain segments of the working class. In Paris, union leaders continue to support the government, but in many factories in the provinces there is a slow burn developing among workers." Nevertheless, he insists, the government must stick to austerity for at least two more years. "We are not out of the tunnel," says Pierret. "We must hold on." —*By Frederick Painton. Reported by William Blaylock and Jordan Bonfante/Paris*

Collaring a youthful demonstrator

SOUTH AFRICA

The Battle of the Bergs

Botha wins mixed support for constitutional reform

Afrikaners call it *broedertwis*, a fight between brothers. For months the once close-knit tribe of mainly Dutch-descended whites who control South African politics had been locked in a nasty family feud that centered on the "Battle of the Bergs," two special by-elections in the Transvaal region. At rallies for the candidates of the ruling National Party, Prime Minister Pieter W. Botha was jeered by hecklers supporting opponents in the far-right Conservative Party who accused him of plotting to "give away" white dom-

Prime Minister Botha on the campaign trail

As tempers rose, fistfights broke out.

ination of the government to blacks. Losing his customary composure, Botha shouted back. As tempers rose, fistfights routinely broke out among factions in the crowds.

The single issue in the hysterical campaign was Botha's controversial plan, announced a year ago, to modify South Africa's rigid apartheid laws by giving limited voting rights to Asians and "coloreds" (people of mixed race). Last week the white voters finally delivered a complicated message. In his first election bid since he broke away from the National Party last year to form the new Conservative Party, former Cabinet Minister Andries Treurnicht soundly defeated Nationalist Candidate Eban Cuyler in the heavily Afrikaner district of Waterberg. But that apparent repudiation of Botha's planned reforms was offset by a National Party victory next door in the equally Afrikaner district of Soutpansberg, where the Prime Minister's close ally, Manpower Minister Fanie Botha (no relation), narrowly beat the Conservative candidate.

The results add up to a qualified victory for Botha. Some National Party supporters had been deeply concerned that they might lose in both of the rural conservative constituencies. The split result came as a relief, but it showed nonetheless that Prime Minister Botha had lost many votes to the right. In a third by-election, in Pretoria's suburb of Waterkloof, the Nationalists overwhelmed both the liberal Progressive Federal Party and the Conservatives. For Botha, it was welcome evidence of his continued appeal among urban whites. Still, Treurnicht's success was a clear signal that Botha can expect vehement resistance from right-wingers to any further modification of the apartheid system. The proposed partial enfranchisement of Asians and coloreds, declared the deputy leader of the Conservatives, Ferdie Hartzenberg, was "a recipe for conflict."

Botha's controversial "power sharing" proposal would scrap South Africa's current parliamentary system. Under a new constitution drafted by Botha, a Gaullist-style President would exercise sweeping powers, while South Africa's 2.8 million coloreds and 900,000 Asians would be granted limited representation according to a formula that would keep final legislative control firmly in white hands. Excluded entirely from the process would be South Africa's 20 million blacks. Under the government's longstanding "homelands" policy, they would continue to be forced to accept artificial citizenship in largely inhospitable "autonomous" black states, far from white population centers.

The constitutional reform, which is almost certain to be approved in a nationwide referendum among white voters later this year or early in 1984, came after signs of reform from Botha, including the establishment of black trade unions in 1979. It was enough to trigger Treurnicht's defection from the National Party, and has exacerbated developing rifts among Afrikaners. The changes, said Jaap Marais, leader of the small, radical-right Herstigte Nasionale Party, were aimed "at breaking the political power of the white man in South Africa."

The plan had other detractors. Botha's supporters feared that it would give too much power to the President. White liberals castigated the plan's failure to move far enough toward racial equality. Exclusion of blacks from power, said Frederik van Zyl Slabbert, leader of the opposition Progressive Federal Party, would increase "the polarization between black and white and heighten the potential for confrontation." Zulu Chief Gatsha Buthelezi was blunter. Said he: "We look upon the constitutional proposals with condemnation and contempt."

Last week's election demonstrated, however, that Botha could count on support from a broad range of white opinion. Much of that may simply reflect the hope that Botha intends to maintain apartheid while making cosmetic changes to placate its foes. Whatever Botha's private view, he may have initiated a process of slow change that will be impossible to reverse. Says a liberal white South African journalist: "The train is rolling down the track now. It can't turn back."

The movement so far has been glacial but visible, especially in recent decisions to do away with the most obvious discrimination known as petty apartheid. In the past few years, public events and facilities ranging from opera houses to restau-

Conservative Party Leader Treurnicht

A clear signal of right-wing resistance.

rants, sports tournaments and even park benches have been desegregated. Blacks now may legally walk on the formerly all-white beaches of the port city of Durban. Botha himself appealed for better treatment of blacks last year, asking: "Can't we speak to them nicely and show them we are a Christian nation?"

Yet for every heartening change in South Africa's schizophrenic racial policies, there seems to be a dispiriting example of apartheid's continuing virulence. Pretoria's city council has secured 17 city parks with attack dogs and uniformed guards to keep out "undesirable elements," meaning blacks. Last month, in a move that provoked an international uproar, authorities insisted that only a segregated audience, excluding Indians, could see the Johannesburg premiere of the Oscar-winning film *Gandhi*. As the government's critics acidly point out, until such ugly incidents are erased from daily life, there is little reason to hope for genuine steps toward broader political reform. ***—By Kenneth W. Bantz. Reported by Peter Hawthorne/Johannesburg***

GUATEMALA

Surprise in the Sermon

Ríos Montt discomfits guerrillas but postpones elections

Up to a point, the speech was the kind of bizarre and rambling homily that Guatemalans have come to expect from their born-again military President, Brigadier General José Efraín Ríos Montt, 56. As he has almost every Sunday evening since he assumed power in a March 1982 coup, the silver-mustached member of the California-based Christian Church of the Word last week appeared on Guatemalan television to deliver a sermon on patriotism, morality, local politics and the revelations of divine wisdom. He advised citizens against the use of drugs to combat high blood pressure because, he said, it led to impatience. That, in turn, could produce dictatorship, which, Ríos Montt declared, "does not work."

Then Ríos Montt delivered a minor bombshell. Guatemala, he said, was "not prepared" for democratic elections that he had been vaguely promising for six months. More time was needed, he said, to restore the country's voter rolls, some of which were falsified by Guatemala's previous military rulers. Ríos Montt also said that the country's suspended political parties must be reformed, "to coincide with the equitable interests of a majority and with pressures of a minority." Translation: Ríos Montt does not intend to schedule elections until he has created a new party system that he is comfortable with.

The general's remarks came as a surprise to a high-level Guatemalan delegation that was visiting the U.S. Jorge Serrano, president of Ríos Montt's advisory Council of State, had assured a U.S. audience that an election date would be announced no later than March 1984 and that voting would probably take place the following June. Ríos Montt's reversal was "incomprehensible," said a member of the visiting delegation. "I don't know what the President had in mind."

The remark echoed the confusion of many Guatemalans. Since he took over—at God's direction, as he put it—Ríos Montt has made far-reaching changes in the brutal and corrupt government that he inherited from his predecessor, General Fernando Romeo Lucas García. The country is now flooded with blue-and-white posters bearing a favorite Ríos Montt slogan, I DO NOT ROB, I DO NOT LIE, I DO NOT ABUSE. Under the President's moralizing eye, corruption has all but dried up. Government-sanctioned death squads that used to roam the streets of Guatemala City have almost disappeared. Most important, Ríos Montt appears to have succeeded, at least temporarily, where the government of neighboring El Salvador has failed: in winning a war against a powerful Marxist insurgency involving an estimated 4,000 guerrillas and their supporters.

KEN SILVERMAN

President Ríos Montt

Only a year ago, the guerrillas controlled vast swatches of territory in at least seven of Guatemala's 22 departments. Now the number of insurgents has substantially diminished and, says a Western military analyst, "the guerrillas are bleeding. Their cadres are scattered all over the place, and the rest are not willing to pay the price to confront the army." Many of the guerrillas have fled to safety in southern Mexico.

At the core of Ríos Montt's military success is a program initially known as "beans and rifles" and now called *techos, tortillas y trabajo* (roofs, tortillas and work). In essence, it is the kind of campaign that U.S. military advisers have advocated without success in El Salvador. Under Ríos Montt's direction, the 25,000-member Guatemalan armed forces have saturated the countryside with small antiguerrilla patrols, aggressively chasing the rebels from their support bases. Rural villagers, some armed with vintage rifles but most equipped only with machetes and sticks, are organized into civil defense patrols to aid the counterinsurgency efforts. Those who take the army's side are rewarded with food, public works, jobs and housing. In areas where the guerrillas have been routed, the government is pouring money into the rebuilding of schools, health clinics and municipal centers. Ríos Montt has also issued a strict code of conduct to the army. Among the rules: pay promptly and fairly for all food supplies, respect the customs and traditions of the Indian villagers and even yield the right of way on highways and roads to civilian traffic where feasible.

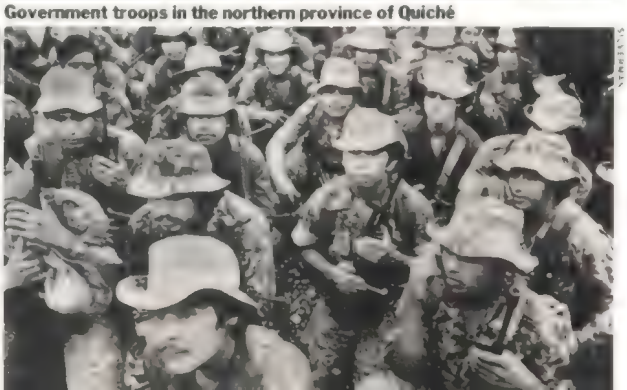
Despite government denials, Ríos Montt's antiguerrilla campaign has cost the lives of thousands of innocent noncombatants. Perhaps as many as 1 million Guatemalans have been made homeless by the fighting. Guatemalans who refuse to join the civil defense patrols are sometimes shot summarily as guerrilla sympathizers. International human rights observers point to Ríos Montt's use of secret military tribunals, backed by firing squads, to administer justice. Last March he incurred the wrath of Pope John Paul II by executing six men, convicted of subversive activity, on the eve of the papal visit.

The country's future course may be decided by the performance of the economy. For all practical purposes, Guatemala is virtually bankrupt; it cannot even afford to import the pesticides needed for this year's cotton planting, one of the nation's economic mainstays. The delegation that was in Washington last week was trying to get a three-year, $125 million loan from the International Monetary Fund. If Ríos Montt cannot get additional funds and the country's economy continues to deteriorate, foreign military analysts estimate that further guerrilla trouble is possible within a year.

The biggest question mark of all is about Ríos Montt's continuing performance in office. Although he claims to have the support of the Almighty, he does not have much of an earthly political power base. Says a Western diplomat in Guatemala City: "He's managed to go it alone, largely on rhetoric." But just barely: over the past year, Ríos Montt has nipped at least four coup plots in various stages of gestation. His latest announcement of a delay in election plans is almost certainly bound to cause an increase in political restlessness. —*By George Russell. Reported by James Wilhwerth/Guatemala City*

Guatemalan refugees at a camp in southern Mexico

Government troops in the northern province of Quiché



Warming Up for Williamsburg

Despite a debate over floating currencies, the Big Seven vow cooperation

With its picket fences, modest cottages and colonial-era ambience, Williamsburg, Va., could hardly offer a greater contrast to the regal grandeur and formality of Louis XIV's palace at Versailles. The heads of government from the Big Seven industrial nations* are hoping that the outcome of their ninth annual economic summit, to be held in Williamsburg at the end of this month, will be equally different. Last year's summit in Versailles degenerated into bitter wrangling over East-West trade, and the leaders are desperately anxious to avoid a replay.

So when ministers from the Big Seven and 17 other non-Communist countries gathered in Paris last week for a meeting of the Organization for Economic Cooperation and Development, the spirit of harmony was carefully nurtured. The delegates issued a joint communiqué outlining general principles for fostering growth that could form a blueprint for a Williamsburg accord.

Nonetheless, profound disagreements remain, most notably on how to deal with gyrating currency values that have disrupted trade and investment patterns. In a speech at the Elysée Palace, French President François Mitterrand, whose government has been shaken for two years by the falling franc, argued for an overhaul of the international monetary system to bring about more stable exchange rates. Nothing so ambitious has been tried since 1944, when representatives of 44 nations met in Bretton Woods, N.H., and established a worldwide system of fixed exchange rates that endured for nearly 30 years *(see box)*. Said Mitterrand: "The moment has come to think of a new Bretton Woods."

Delegates from other countries greeted Mitterrand's proposal with polite skepticism. The U.S., in particular, remains a staunch opponent of systematic intervention in exchange markets. Said Treasury Secretary Donald Regan: "I don't think we're ready for Bretton Woods II. It'll take quite a bit of discussion and arranging. It's years away."

On other issues, the ministers achieved compromise and consensus. For the first time in a decade, they agreed that inflation has slowed enough for many nations to relax restrictive policies and, in the face of stubbornly high unemployment rates, to make growth their top priority. To help revive international commerce, the OECD nations pledged to "dismantle" trade barriers and government subsidies that have shielded weak industries from foreign competition.

Unlike last year at Versailles, U.S. officials did not push the Europeans to curb trade with the Soviet Union. The U.S. case for such sanctions was weakened last week by a new report from the Congressional Office of Technology Assessment. It concluded that U.S. embargoes designed to punish the Soviets for their actions in Afghanistan and Poland had no major effect on the Soviet economy. With that in mind, the Americans settled for a vague statement that urged Western nations not to give "preferential treatment" to trade with the East bloc.

The general language of the OECD communiqué glossed over a spate of specific conflicts among nations. Though the delegates renounced protectionism, their governments have been quicker to build trade barriers than to tear them down. The U.S. slapped a heavy tariff on Japanese motorcycles last month, and Western Europe pressured the Japanese to limit exports of light trucks, machine tools and television tubes. American officials have made no progress in persuading the European nations to reduce the subsidies that help boost their agricultural exports.

Europeans, on the other hand, remain deeply disturbed that U.S budget deficits, which may top $200 billion annually for years to come, will slow growth and keep interest rates high. Said British Chancellor of the Exchequer Sir Geoffrey Howe: "The largest cause of high interest rates is the present and prospective borrowing requirement of the U.S. Federal Government."

France is the furthest out of sync with other industrial nations. When Mitterrand's Socialist government came to power in 1981, it made the mistake of stimulating the French economy at a time when other nations were fighting inflation. As a result, the value of the franc began to fall, plunging 34% against the dollar during the past two years. That drop made France's imports more costly and thus worsened its inflation, now running at 9%. The French have gone heavily into debt trying to defend the franc in the currency markets, and last week they had

MINGAM—GAMMA/LIAISON

U.S. delegates in Paris: Regan, Chief Economic Adviser Martin Feldstein, Commerce Secretary Malcolm Baldrige, Secretary of State George Shultz

*The U.S., Britain, West Germany, France, Italy, Japan and Canada

to ask the European Community for a $4 billion loan.

France's financial woes have damaged Mitterrand politically, and his call for a new Bretton Woods conference is, in part, an attempt to shift the blame for his problems to the system of floating exchange rates. But while Mitterrand's concerns about unstable currencies may be somewhat self-serving, they are shared by a growing number of prominent people. In recent weeks, Federal Reserve Board Chairman Paul Volcker, Investment Banker Felix Rohatyn and former West German Chancellor Helmut Schmidt have all talked of the need to dampen the swings in currency values. Former Secretary of State Henry Kissinger, like Mitterrand, has called for a summit meeting to revamp the monetary system.

When currencies were set free to float in 1973, many economists predicted that exchange rates would move slowly and smoothly. Under Bretton Woods, currency values had only changed abruptly after crises sparked wild speculation. In addition, experts argued that with floating rates governments would no longer be forced to restrain their domestic economies just to bolster their currencies.

The theory, however, has not performed well in practice. Speculation is more rampant than ever; currency values can jump or dip by 2% in a single day. Some currencies shoot way out of line and stay there. Japan had a merchandise trade surplus last year of $18 billion, yet partly because of Japan's low interest rates, the yen remains weak against most other currencies. Economists estimate that the yen is undervalued by about 20% in relation to the dollar.

Most experts believe that rigidly fixed exchange rates are impossible, since inflation rates vary so much from one country to another. Some argue, however, that if nations coordinated their economic policies, then currency movements could be kept within reasonable ranges. C. Fred Bergsten, a Treasury official in the Carter Administration, and Nobel Laureate Lawrence Klein of the University of Pennsylvania suggest that countries agree on "target zones" for currencies that would allow fluctuations of perhaps 15%. If a currency moved outside its zone, then governments would take concerted action to bring it back.

Others are dubious. Says Anthony Solomon, president of the New York Federal Reserve Bank: "No one knows what those [target zones] should be or how they would be enforced." Concludes Robert Solomon (no relation), a former top Federal Reserve economist: "I'm almost ready to say that the system we've got is superior to any alternative. Before we change what we have now, we better think it through pretty carefully."

In most cases, unstable currencies are merely symptoms of economic trouble, not the cause. Says Otto Lambsdorff, West Germany's Economics Minister: "The monetary system is not at fault. The important thing is the discipline of those countries operating in it." Currencies gyrate mainly because governments do not control inflation, interest rates and budget deficits. Observes Rimmer de Vries, chief international economist at New York's Morgan Guaranty Trust Co.: "It is ironic that François Mitterrand should be grandstanding for a return to stable exchange rates. It is his country that has one of the highest inflation rates in Europe."

In the etiquette of economic summitry, it is bad form for one country to criticize too harshly how another manages its internal affairs. But to get at the fundamental causes of the world's economic troubles, the leaders going to Williamsburg will have to confront such tough issues as the U.S. budget deficit, the undervalued Japanese yen and France's inflation. If the talk is mostly of general principles and lofty goals, the summit will be more pleasant than the one last year at Versailles, but it will not be any more productive. —*By Charles P. Alexander. Reported by David Beckwith/Washington and Lawrence Malkin/Paris*

Mitterrand calling for monetary reform

Where a Golden Era Began

For 20 days during July 1944, the West's financial leaders worked on a plan for apostwar world economic order at the rambling Mount Washington Hotel in Bretton Woods, N.H. The international money system they developed in that spectacular White Mountain setting was so successful that ten years after its collapse, some economists and politicians still long for a return to Bretton Woods.

The dominant figure at the 1944 conference was John Maynard Keynes, then 61, the leader of the British delegation. Treasury Secretary Henry Morgenthau led the U.S. contingent, but the real American architect of the Bretton Woods accord was Harry Dexter White, Morgenthau's plain-spoken chief adviser.

Working in the cool mountain air, Keynes and White agreed to create a system of fixed exchange rates. The established currency values could be adjusted, but in practice that rarely happened. The value of the dollar was set in terms of gold at $35 per oz. Moreover, the U.S. promised to redeem all dollars held by foreign governments with gold at the $35-per-oz. price. The value of all other currencies was set in terms of the dollar, and countries were obliged to maintain the value of their currencies. If the French franc suddenly dropped below its assigned price in dollars, for example, the French government had to push the price back up by buying francs on the foreign exchange market.

The Bretton Woods arrangement worked smoothly for some 20 years, but by the late 1960s it was coming apart. The problem was that large American balance of payments deficits, caused by factors that ranged from rising U.S. imports to hefty outlays for foreign aid and the Viet Nam War, were creating a huge dollar glut abroad. By the end of 1970, foreign countries held some $36.4 billion in dollars, far more than could be redeemed out of U.S. gold reserves, which had slipped to just $11 billion.

Morgenthau, left, and Keynes

President Nixon dealt a death blow to Bretton Woods in August 1971 by cutting the link between the dollar and gold and allowing world money markets to set temporarily the dollar's value. Four months later, the U.S. and its major trading partners agreed to an 8.57% dollar devaluation, an action Nixon called "the most significant monetary achievement in the history of the world." But in February 1973 the U.S. devalued again by 10%, and its allies responded by letting their currencies float freely against the dollar. The Bretton Woods era of fixed exchange rates was over.

Finally Off the Critical List

Lower interest rates give ailing thrifts a badly needed lift

"We're making money for the first time since June of 1981. It's so wonderful to look through rose-colored glasses again."

That kind of talk, coming in this case from Melissa Keleher, vice president of Home Federal Savings & Loan Association in San Diego (assets: $6 million), has not been heard much around the thrift industry during the past three years. Caught in a squeeze between high interest rates and long-term, fixed-interest mortgages, thrift institutions became candidates for the endangered-species list. The number of thrifts has shrunk nearly 20% since 1979, as failing institutions have been merged into stronger ones *(see chart)*. As a whole, the thrifts lost $8.9 billion in 1981 and 1982. Says James Carter, a banking analyst at Merrill Lynch: "If the hemorrhaging of the thrifts had continued at last year's pace, their equity would have been drained away in three or four years."

Now, thanks to lower interest rates and a flood of new deposits, the thrift industry is beginning to revive. San Diego's Home Federal, for example, lost $33.9 million in 1982, but it had a $4.4 million profit in the first quarter, and the outlook for the rest of the year is good.

Wall Street has become enthusiastic about the industry, which consists of both S and Ls and savings banks. Prices of some S-and-L stocks have more than tripled in the past year. The big gainers include a pair of Beverly Hills thrifts: Great Western Financial Corp. (assets: $12.8 billion), whose shares have climbed 172% since May, and First Charter Financial Corp. (assets: $9.4 billion), up 233% during the same period.

The new financial supermarkets, meanwhile, have been eyeing thrifts as possible additions to their growing line of services. Merrill Lynch and Shearson/American Express are each in the process of buying a thrift. Stockholders of Newport Balboa Savings Association (assets: $65.2 million) in Southern California are selling the S and L to ITT Financial Corp. for $13.5 million, or $65 a share. The deal, which is subject to regulatory approval, would be a bonanza for Newport Balboa owners, who paid $12.50 a share when the stock was first issued in 1978.

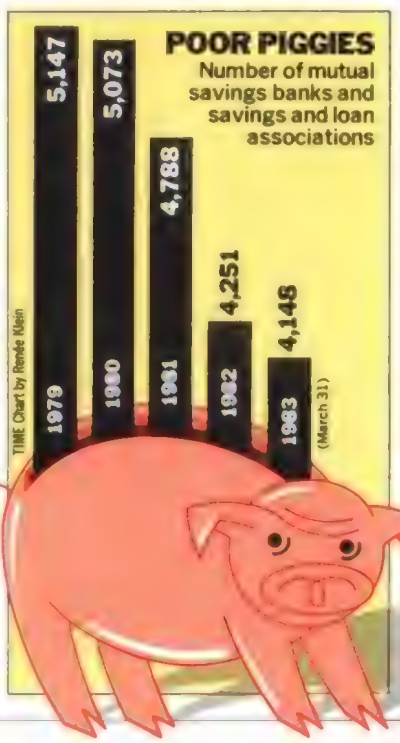
The recent drop in interest rates has been the biggest single reason for the resurgence of the thrifts. As a result of that decline, the institutions are now able to attract deposit money with much lower interest rates. A year ago, they had to offer 12% or more interest on certificates of deposit to compete with the popular money-market funds. Now they are paying an average of only 8.5% on their own money-market accounts, which they have been offering since last December.

While cash was flowing out of S and Ls at a steady rate last year, it is currently flowing in. Some $142 billion has gone into the new money-market accounts. In addition, some $12 billion in Individual Retirement Account funds has been deposited in the thrifts in the past six months.

The thrifts have been using their new cash to fuel the housing recovery and improve their operating results in the process. Savings and loans made $21.6 billion in mortgages during the first quarter, compared with $9.3 billion a year ago. That lending helped the S and Ls increase their net worth by an estimated $1.9 billion during the period. Says Howard Kane, deputy chief economist for the U.S. League of Savings Institutions, an industry trade group: "The thrifts are heading back to profitability, if they're not already there."

MICKEY OSTERREICHER

Goldome's Ross Kenzie outside his bank



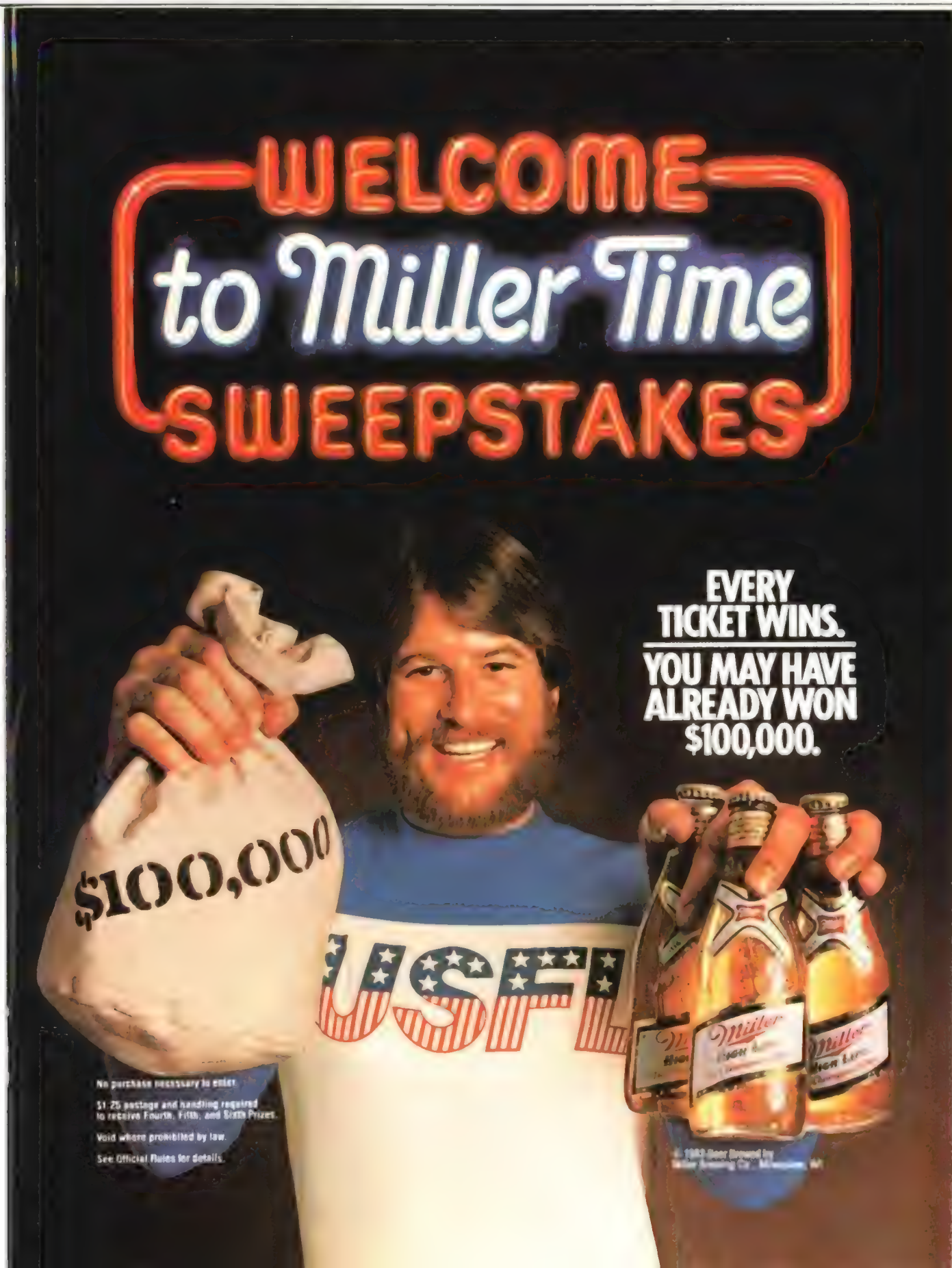
With their financial foundation a little more secure, some adventurous S and Ls are starting to branch out beyond mortgages and look for new places to put their money. Western Savings & Loan of Phoenix (assets: $2.6 billion), Arizona's largest thrift, has assembled a nationwide group of S and Ls that plans to pool its cash and pump more than $1.5 billion into commercial loans to corporate borrowers. Such lending is permitted under the 1982 Depository Institutions Act, which lets thrifts make a wide range of loans that had previously been off-limits.

One of the most aggressive thrift institutions is Goldome, known as the Buffalo Savings Bank until last February. In a three-month period ending in March 1982, its assets surged from $3 billion to $9 billion, making it the second biggest savings bank in the U.S. Architect of the expansion is Ross Kenzie, a former Merrill Lynch executive vice president who became president of the Buffalo Savings Bank in 1979. Says Kenzie: "At this bank, there is a bias toward action." Goldome's acquisitions include three failing thrifts that the Federal Deposit Insurance Corp., the Government's watchdog for the banking industry, was trying to save. The largest was the New York Bank for Savings (assets: $3.4 billion).

Some industry observers are beginning to fear that too many thrifts may be forgetting the painful lessons of the recession. Lenders are once again making long-term, fixed-rate mortgages, for example, to take advantage of the spread between the relatively high interest rates on mortgages and the lower interest that depositors get. Says Saul B. Klaman, president of the National Association of Mutual Savings Banks: "A policy of making and holding such loans in volume amounts to playing Russian roulette with interest rates and the future of the institution."

Thus, while the thrifts are doing better, many moneymen are still cautious about the long-term prognosis. Concedes Ted Ingersoll, executive vice president of Columbia Savings & Loan Association (assets: $1.4 billion) in Denver: "No matter how bright and innovative we are, we're at the mercy of interest rates. If they turn against us, we're in trouble again." The patient may now be off the critical list, in other words, but he is not yet out of danger. —*By John Greenwald.*

Reported by Russell Leavitt/Los Angeles and Frederick Ungeheuer/New York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New Discs Click with TV Flicks

Translation: cable television spurs a record-industry rebound

Stray Cats, Men at Work, and Adam Ant are hardly familiar names to most people over 30. Yet they are among the leaders in the revival of pop music. After a four-year slump, sales of records and tapes have begun heading up again. Says David Geffen, head of Geffen Records, one of the most successful firms: "This is going to be a good season. Things are finally starting to turn around."

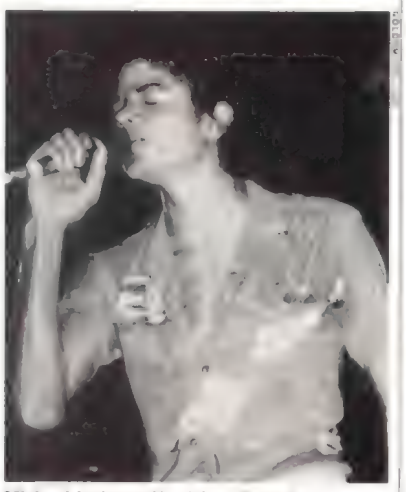
The industry built on hits currently has two monster successes: *Thriller* by Michael Jackson, the No. 1 album for 13 weeks with more than 5 million copies sold, and *Flashdance*, the sound track from the hit movie, which sold 1.5 million copies in its first month in the racks. The industry has high hopes for two new sound-track albums: the *Star Wars* sequel *Return of the Jedi*, scheduled to be released this week, and *Staying Alive*, the Bee Gees' follow-up to *Saturday Night Fever*, due out in June. Record executives are also excited about a new form of danceable electronic rock known as New Music. Latest hit: *She Blinded Me with Science* by Thomas Dolby.

The Australian rock group Men at Work has two albums in the Top Ten; inset, their first smash

The record industry has gone from boom to blah. In 1978, estimated retail sales reached $4.13 billion with hit albums like *Grease* leading the way. Then the tune changed. Rising prices, fewer hits, disco, limited radio-station play, home taping, competition from video games—all were blamed for driving down music sales. Last year, sales totaled $3.59 billion, a four-year decline of 13%.

The recording industry, which had previously spent lavishly on high living and frills, has been drastically cutting back. The chairman of Warner Communications' Elektra/Asylum label was moved aside in January, and the subsidiary's headquarters was transferred from Los Angeles to New York City to cut expenses. The CBS/Records Group, which together with Warner commands 45% of the market, closed down a record- and tape-manufacturing plant in Terre Haute, Ind., and has laid off some 1,500 employees. Says Group President Walter Yetnikoff: "It used to be that if any artist said, 'I want a billboard on Sunset Strip,' we'd say, 'Fine.' But not any more."

While it is too early to label the recovery a sure thing, a number of trends are running in the industry's favor. With the recession winding down, consumer spending is picking up. Records now come in more economical sizes. Twelve-inch "dance singles" that feature extended versions of hit songs sell for as little as $3.49, and mini-albums that carry half as many songs as regular albums sell for about $4.49, instead of $6.29 to $7.99. At the same time, the appeal of coin-operated video games seems to be wearing off. Arcades that compete with the record industry for the spending money of 13- to 19-year-olds saw revenues fall 10% last year, and game business is expected to be off an additional 20% this year.



Michael Jackson: No. 1 for 13 weeks

Romantic rock is spurring sales.

The most important new source of support for records is unexpectedly coming from television. MTV (Music Television), a cable channel owned by Warner Communications and American Express, has become one of the biggest hits on cable television, beaming out rock music 24 hours a day, seven days a week. MTV, which was being boomed into 9 million cable-equipped homes last December, should reach 13 million households by the end of May.

MTV and the record companies have developed a relationship that suits all of them just fine. In exchange for free air time, the record companies provide eye-catching videotapes of artists performing their latest songs. The highly stylized three- to four-minute tapes cost an average of $30,000 to make, but some can run as high as $150,000. The payoff can be huge. Men at Work were unknown before they appeared on MTV a year ago. Shortly afterward, their first album, *Business as Usual*, appeared on the bestseller charts, where it has remained for 47 weeks.

Since MTV is turning little-known performers into superstars, radio stations have responded by opening up their air time to less established artists. Radio Programmer Lee Abrams, who chooses records for 80 pop stations around the U.S., is now scheduling about 70% new releases, while two years ago he played 75% rock classics.

One big problem still faces the industry: home taping. A report by Warner Communications estimates that a million-selling record will spawn about 450,000 homemade copies. Overall, the industry figures that it loses $1 billion in sales annually to home tapers. A bill in Congress that would put a royalty fee on tape and recorder sales is being held up, pending a decision by the U.S. Supreme Court in the Sony Betamax case on the home videotaping of television programs.

Despite the record-industry turnaround, no one expects an early return to the boom of five years ago. Says Al Teller, general manager of Columbia Records: "We're a mature industry. The huge growth of the '60s and '70s is not on the horizon." One reason is that baby boomers, who bought many more records than their parents, are now getting into their 30s and buying fewer records. But music executives do not want to think about those sour trends. For now, they want to sit back and listen to the sweet music those megahits are making. ***—By Alexander L. Taylor III. Reported by Stephen Koepp/New York and Russell Leavitt/Los Angeles***

Small-Town Hit

Sam Walton's wizardry

"Give me a W!" shouts Sam Walton, 65, the chairman of Wal-Mart Stores, to employees at staff meetings. "Give me an A!" And so forth, down to the last T. Then he gives a final ringing cheer: "Wal-Mart, we're No. 1!" Walton has plenty of reasons to shout. In April, sales at his 570 outlets were up 32% from the previous year. By comparison, Sears' revenues increased just 7.7%, K mart's by 5.5%, and J.C. Penney's were down 1.3%.

Thanks to a strategy of selling big in small-town stores and deep discounting, Wal-Mart is the fastest-growing major U.S. retailer. It is opening nearly two new stores a week, and its sales are increasing almost three times as fast as the average for the discount-store industry. They totaled $3.4 billion in 1982, up from $2.4 billion the year before. That made Wal-Mart the nation's ninth-largest shopkeeper, well behind the likes of Sears (sales: $30 billion) and K mart ($17 billion), but ahead of such old-time retailers as R.H. Macy and Carter Hawley Hale, parent of ultrachic Bergdorf Goodman and Neiman-Marcus.

Wal-Mart's profits last year mushroomed to $124.1 million, from $82.8 million in 1981. With first-quarter earnings up 51% over the same year-ago period, to $27.5 million, Wal-Mart has become a Wall Street darling. During the past year, its stock price has tripled, closing last week at $73.

Wal-Mart is based in the rolling Ozark hill country of Bentonville, Ark. (pop. 8,756). The sleepy mountain town was heretofore known chiefly as the birthplace of Louise McPhetridge Thaden, winner in 1929 of the first cross-country Powder Puff Air Derby for women aviators. Now it is famous as the home of Walton, an individualist who flies his own Piper Aztec, hunts quail, and is worth $500 million to $700 million.

Trim and suntanned, Walton is a 1940 graduate of the University of Missouri and worked for J.C. Penney briefly before World War II military service. He and his brother Bud, now a senior vice president, opened the first Wal-Mart Discount City in Rogers, Ark., in 1962.

In some ways, Sam Walton is James Cash Penney reincarnated, right down to strict adherence to the Golden Rule, the name of Penney's first store in Kemmerer, Wyo., in 1902. Says Wal-Mart President Jack Shewmaker: "We make no bones about the fact that we believe in God, that we think everybody should."

Walton's formula for retailing success resembles Penney's: grow in small-town America and offer quality merchandise at a good price. Wal-Mart undersells competition at almost every turn, and most stores are in towns of 5,000 to 25,000. Says Walton: "There's a lot more business in those communities than people thought."

Wal-Mart today dots 15 states, chiefly in the South and Midwest. Yet the stores try to tailor themselves to individual communities. Golf slacks may move well in one store, Wrangler jeans in another. By contrast, the 2,117 stores in the K mart chain, Wal-Mart's principal rival, mostly offer identical merchandise.

Wal-Mart's 50,000 employees, called "associates," share in the company's profits, earn bonuses for reducing shoplifting or suggesting merchandising ideas. "Their morale is fantastic," says one Wall Street admirer. Each Saturday morning at 7:30 in the headquarters auditorium packed with new merchandise samples, "Mr. Sam" holds meetings with buyers and managers. Walton plans to continue expanding rapidly. The company will open more than 100 stores next year. At that sizzling pace, sales by 1987 would hit $10 billion. That would put Wal-Mart in a position to challenge K mart as the king of the discounters. ■

WEAVER—CAMERA 5

Walton gives a pep talk to managers at a weekly Saturday-morning staff meeting in Bentonville

Out of the Ozark Mountains comes an old-fashioned formula for retailing success.

Big Payoff

A Chrysler jackpot for the U.S.

Whatever its other economic failings, the Federal Government is normally not guilty of reckless stock market speculation. Nonetheless, Washington gambled on a very long shot a few years back and now stands to make a $200 million killing in Chrysler stock. The story begins in 1980, when a $1.2 billion loan-guarantee package was being assembled to save Chrysler from bankruptcy. The Chrysler Loan Guarantee Board, which had been set up by Congress, demanded that the Government be given the right to buy, at some future time, 14.4 million shares of Chrysler stock for $13 a share. No one outside Chrysler thought much of that condition then because the stock was selling for about $5.50 a share and the company's prospects were not exactly bright. In fact, the clause was included only to make the loan deal more palatable by holding out the possibility that the Government would benefit from Chrysler's return to health, if that ever happened.

But three years have made quite a difference. Chrysler stock is now $27.50, and the Government could clean up if it exercised its right to buy the shares. Therefore, Chrysler Treasurer Frederick Zuckerman last week appeared before the Loan Guarantee Board in Washington and asked the Government to forgo its right to buy the stock. The company, which two weeks ago announced that it was about to repay $400 million of the Government-guaranteed loans, argued that it would have to float a new stock issue to provide the shares for the Government. The result of that action, Chrysler claimed, would be to dilute the value of its existing shares by nearly 13%, which would affect all shareholders, including company officers with large stock options, who feel their reward for turning the company around would be diminished. The company also pointed out that it has already paid the Government $30 million in fees for the loans.

Chrysler critics, though, were many and loud last week. "Outrageous," said Kenneth McLean, staff director of the Senate Banking Committee when Congress passed the loan agreement. Said David Healy, an auto-industry analyst with Drexel Burnham Lambert: "They're trying to change the score of the game after it's over."

After the stock controversy blew up, embarrassed Chrysler officials quickly tried to down-play the whole episode. Said one: "It's a messy issue. We are not being shrill or overreaching. But there you are with the spotlight on, your hand's in the cookie jar and everybody's pointing fingers." Late in the week the company announced that it was no longer requesting that the Government drop its right to buy the stock. ■

Chairman Putnam announcing the rescue

Braniff Is Back

A new takeoff with Hyatt's help

One year to the day after bankrupt Braniff International Corp. ceased flying, Chairman Howard D. Putnam, 45, last week announced that the airline hopes to be back in the skies this fall. After weeks of dickering, Hyatt Corp., the Chicago-based hotel chain, agreed to put up as much as $70 million in exchange for 80% of Braniff's stock. With luck, Braniff could return to service by Oct. 1.

Braniff was a casualty of the airline industry's deregulation. As soon as the Government in 1978 opened the way for carriers to fly to virtually any destination, Braniff added thousands of miles to its route network. But its planes were soon flying empty to far-flung destinations, and the airline was piling up $1 billion in debt.

The deal with Hyatt was originally suggested by two of Braniff's retired pilots. When efforts to find someone to rescue the airline dragged, they pitched the idea to Hyatt Chairman Jay Pritzker, 60, who calculated that Braniff's hefty losses before going bankrupt could be worth some $300 million in tax credits to Hyatt. The agreement was completed just in time. The clock was due to run out on Braniff's flying future this week, and the company would have been turned into a small-aircraft maintenance firm.

The new Braniff will not be nearly as grand as the old one, but it may have a better chance of making money. At its peak, Braniff employed 15,000 workers and flew to 42 cities. Under the Hyatt plan, Braniff will rehire about 2,000 former employees and resume service to 20 cities. The airline will have only 30 planes, compared with 123 previously.

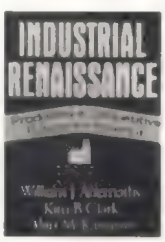
The big question hanging over the Hyatt deal is approval from Braniff's secured creditors, who are owed $467.5 million and hold liens on the company's planes. They have been skeptical of reorganization efforts and had intended to begin repossessing the aircraft this week. If creditors reject the agreement, Braniff could face a court battle. Whatever happens, Braniff Chairman Putnam will not be around to run the born-again company. He repeated last week that he plans to quit his job by this fall. ■

Book Audits

MISMANAGERS

The decline in America's smokestack industries is sparking a boom in books proposing cures. *Industrial Renaissance* (Basic Books; 194 pages; $19) places the blame for America's ills squarely at management's door. According to William Abernathy and Kim Clark, two Harvard business school professors, and Alan Kantrow, a *Harvard Business Review* editor, the problems are not due to a sluggish economy, overpriced labor or predatory competition from abroad, but to managers who "view their work through a haze of outdated assumptions and expectations." The book is an expanded version of a controversial 1980 article by Abernathy that was published in the *Harvard Business Review* under the title "Managing Our Way to Economic Decline."

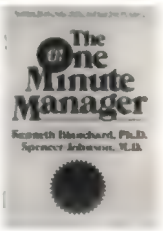
Given their rather harsh diagnosis, the authors' conclusions are surprisingly optimistic. They cite several American companies, including General Electric, Cummins Engine and Signetics Corp., a semiconductor firm, for some promising management innovations. General Electric, for example, involves shop-floor workers in finding ways to improve production. Such cases leave the authors upbeat about the long-term outlook for American business.



PAVLOV IN THE OFFICE

Since its publication last September, *The One Minute Manager* (Morrow; 111 pages; $15) has sold more than half a million copies. This week it is No. 3 on the New York *Times* bestseller list. The thin volume by Management Consultant Kenneth Blanchard and Psychologist Spencer Johnson sets forth the three secrets that they claim can transform executives into models of efficiency and their employees into grinning self-starters. The formulas for success: One Minute Goals, One Minute Praisings and One Minute Reprimands.

The rules are deceptively simple. The boss is instructed to express his demands succinctly, in One Minute Goals. As soon as he can "catch the employee doing something right," he administers Part 2, One Minute Praising: he says something good fast. The authors advise the boss to put an arm around the employee or touch the person in some other way to convey personal affection. During a One Minute Reprimand, the manager is supposed to explain how hurt and frustrated he is by the employee's poor performance.



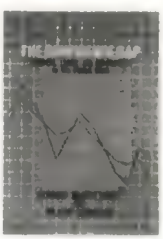
This book is little more than an executive-suite version of the conditioned-reflex theory pioneered by Russian Physiologist Ivan Pavlov. While such tactics seem to work well on dogs, pigeons and rats, they might not succeed in the office. The first time a boss puts his arm around an employee he is trying to praise, he might find himself on the receiving end of a One Second Reprimand: a punch in the nose.

UNDER SCRUTINY

Ever since the widespread social protests of the '60s gave way to the economic shocks of the '70s and '80s, pollsters and academics have noted declining American confidence in the nation's institutions. In *The Confidence Gap* (Free Press; 434 pages; $19.95), Stanford Sociologist Seymour Martin Lipset and William Schneider of the American Enterprise Institute attempt to discover how steep that decline has been and what caused it.

While Americans are always somewhat skeptical of the motives of anyone in power, the events of the past 20 years, especially the economic woes of the past decade, have sharpened that instinct. Thus as inflation and unemployment rose to historic highs, barometers of public trust in the performance of institutions were falling to record lows. The authors ask: Is the much touted crisis of confidence in U.S. institutions really a perceived crisis of competence in those in charge? Is it simply democracy at work?

The authors point out that polls were finding discontent during a time of both disappointments and gains. The same period that saw riots, Watergate and news of high-level corruption in business was marked by advances in civil rights and environmental legislation and the rise of women in the ranks of management. As a result, business leaders may be trusted less than they were during the Eisenhower era because the public demands more from them in terms of social responsibility. What businessmen often perceive as public antagonism may be only the unwavering scrutiny of better-informed citizens and consumers.



—By Janice Castro

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Old Grand-Dad

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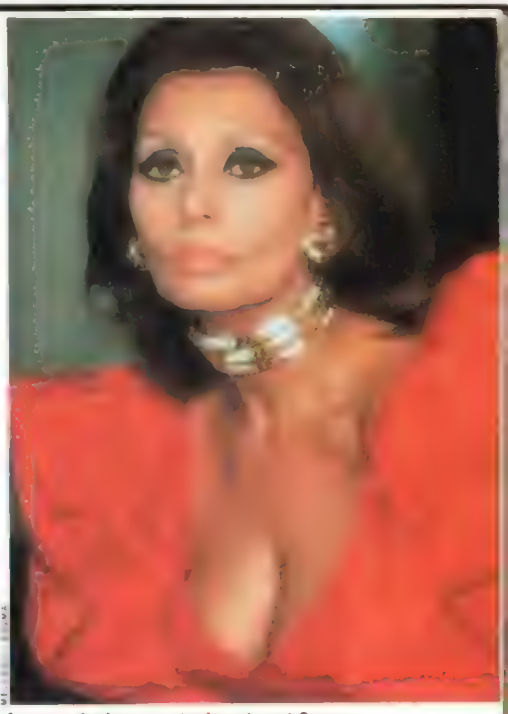
De Kooning's *Two Women*, which fetched $1.2 million last week, a record for a living U.S. artist



Loren enjoying a nontaxing stay at Cannes

People

At Christie's in New York City last week, the house applauded enthusiastically as the gavel went down on Abstract Expressionist **Willem de Kooning's** *Two Women*. Reason: a price of $1.2 million, the most money paid for a work by a living artist. (The previous record for a De Kooning was a scant $242,000.) "The art market looks alive and well and living in New York," said Art Dealer Allan Stone, who bid on the work for an anonymous collector. The artist, who is alive and well and living on Long Island, got no share of the spoils. He sold the painting 25 years ago for well under $100,000.

■

When the inevitable casting calls for *Grease 2* went out, the two lovebirds from the original, **John Travolta,** 28, and **Olivia Newton-John,** 34, were wisely out buying groceries or getting body work done on their Mercedes. But they had to pick up their phones some time, and the result is a film now being shot in New York City that borrows heavily from the 1978 thriller *The Silent Partner*. In this movie, which doesn't even have a title yet—how about *Greed 2*?—Newton-John plays a bank teller, and Travolta is a two-bit robber who uses blond tresses as a disguise. "You have to work yourself into it," says Travolta, "but I like myself as a blond."

■

No parolee ever looked better. Nearly a year after serving 17 days for tax evasion, **Sophia Loren,** 48, is back doing what she does best: pursuing the business of being a movie star. She is working now on a film biography of Maria Callas. At the Cannes Film Festival last week, fans and film hustlers were tripping over their Guccis to get a look at the post-prison Loren. She was there to get an honorary trophy for representing "the long and great tradition of love that unites the festival at Cannes and the Italian cinema." A nice sentiment and, since the award carries no cash value, no tax problems either.

Travolta: he prefers blond

■

He was the dark side of the American Dream: a God-fearing, hard-working, lower-middle-class Protestant who wallowed in a simpler past and dreamed of better times ahead. The king of his own humble castle at 704 Houser Street in Queens, N.Y., Archie Bunker, played unfalteringly by **Carroll O'Connor,** entered into the American consciousness on a chilly Tuesday night in January 1971, when a nervous CBS first aired *All in the Family*. Archie, Wife Edith, Daughter Gloria and Son-in-Law Mike were a nuclear family born out of fission as they grappled with such TV taboos as racism, impotence, abortion, rape, homosexuality and alcoholism. When the three other principals (played by **Jean Stapleton,** 58, **Sally Struthers,** 34, and **Rob Reiner,** 38) left, O'Connor, 57, bought a neighborhood bar and turned it and the show into *Archie Bunker's Place*. But times had changed, and with few social bubbles left to burst, the program drifted into a tame sitcom limbo that disappointed old fans and failed to win new ones. It seemed to be kept alive through dint of sheer stubborn will by O'Connor, who, as star, producer and sometime writer and director, reportedly received as much as $5 million a season. Last week CBS canceled *Archie Bunker*. The show will be missed nowhere near as much as the character it was built around. Archie was a tortured prisoner of his xenophobic goblins, but he helped us see the enemy and, sure enough, he was us.

The Archie we used to know

—By E. Graydon Carter

Diary Procurer Heidemann, far right, faces reporters in a news conference at his Hamburg home

Burdens of Bad Judgment

Condemnation and a new suspect in the Hitler diary fraud

Doubts about authenticity are over, but debate about how and why the faked Adolf Hitler diaries came to be published has grown ever more bitter. Two top editors have resigned from *Stern*, the West German photo weekly that purveyed the forgeries; the reporter who acquired the 62 volumes for the magazine was dismissed and sued for fraud; the Nazi memento dealer who allegedly supplied the diaries and who was suspected of fabricating them surrendered to police in Hamburg. After devoting 80 pages in two previous issues to Hitler, *Stern* offered a one-page apology to readers. On the cover of the magazine was a cherubic infant. Yet if the picture subliminally hinted at a rebirth of the magazine's self-respect, the image was premature.

Journalistic and ethical standards at *Stern* and other publications that ballyhooed the Hitler diaries were denounced with new force last week on both sides of the Atlantic, perhaps nowhere more fiercely than within *Stern* itself. Much of the 210-member editorial staff was obsessed with investigating the diaries fiasco. Others sought only to place the embarrassment behind them. Many called for the resignation of Henri Nannen, 69, who has been *Stern's* publisher since the magazine was founded in 1948. Others hinted that blame extends high into *Stern's* parent corporation, Gruner & Jahr, and even into the holding company, Bertelsmann AG, a publishing conglomerate (1982 sales: $2.4 billion) that includes Bantam Books in the U.S.

To deflect the discontent, Nannen named two outsiders, Business Journalist Johannes Gross and Television Executive Peter Scholl-Latour, as co-publishers and editors in chief. The magazine's management also returned $200,000 that had been paid by Rupert Murdoch's News Corp. for British and Commonwealth publication rights. The placatory efforts backfired. In a statement, some 200 editorial employees labeled the episode "a severe blow against 35 years of *Stern* credibility." About 100 staffers staged a sit-in at *Stern's* offices to protest the hiring of Gross and Scholl-Latour because their jobs would merge business and editorial control and because they supposedly would not sustain the magazine's liberal tradition.

In West Germany, leading journalists belittled *Stern*. Said Lothar Loewe, director of West Berlin's TV station SFB: "The whole affair is the result of checkbook journalism, of which *Stern* is the worst offender." In a front-page editorial in Hamburg's prestigious weekly newspaper *Die Zeit*, Editor Theo Sommer said, "When lightweights are combined with heavy money, the controlling responsibilities in journalism are easily lost."

Criticism also hit, with less force, at publications that obtained rights to the diaries, including the London *Sunday Times* and the magazines *Paris Match* in France and *Panorama* in Italy, or that proclaimed the volumes a historic find, as *Newsweek* did in a May 2 cover story ("Hitler's Secret Diaries").

In the U.S., *Newsweek* was raked by Columnist Anthony Lewis of the New York *Times* and by Ombudsman Robert McCloskey at *Newsweek's* sister publication, the Washington *Post*. Lewis said *Newsweek* had been either "gullible" or "shameless." He wrote: "The cover story raised the possibility of fraud. But it went on for pages about the historical significance of it all. And it said: 'Genuine or not, it almost doesn't matter in the end.' It matters a lot." McCloskey argued: "The impression created [by *Newsweek*] with the aid of provocative newspaper and television advertising was that the entire story was authentic." He accused *Newsweek*, in its second U.S. cover story on the subject, of a "disingenuous" attempt to claim credit for uncovering the hoax, and said of the reporting in last week's issue: "Nowhere is there any acknowledgment that the weight of previous coverage could have misled readers." *Newsweek* Editor in Chief William Broyles defended the stories: "I am very proud of what appeared in the magazine. I have no regrets."

The alleged source: a policeman views Fischer's shop

When investigators arrived, the site was abandoned.

Perhaps most chastening for all the publications was evidence that the forgeries were almost certainly perpetrated not by a cunning political conspiracy of Nazis or East German Communists but by a pedestrian crook. From the outset *Stern* editors insisted they had simply trusted a reporter who had been on the staff for 31 years. But as soon as historians and document experts started to question the authenticity of the diaries at a press conference on April 25, the *Stern* reporter, Gerd Heidemann, 51, dropped temporarily from sight. He was grilled privately by *Stern* editors, and last week he defended himself, saying that he was nothing more than a dutiful if gullible employee, not a wrongdoer.

After telling contradictory stories about how he got the diaries, Heidemann admitted that his supplier was Konrad Fischer, 44, a shadowy documents dealer and calligrapher and an

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PONTIAC WE BUILD EXCITEMENT

émigré from East Germany, who also used the alias Konrad Kujau. Heidemann said that over a period of two years he exchanged suitcases of cash totaling 9 million marks ($3.7 million) for packets of volumes. When reporters went to check on Fischer, his Stuttgart office and suburban home were apparently abandoned.

Fischer, who hired lawyers and yielded voluntarily to an arrest warrant at week's end, denied that he had forged the diaries. He called the charge "absurd," adding: "I can neither read the Gothic handwriting [used by Hitler] nor write it." That was an odd claim for one who deals in documents of the Nazi period. Fischer insisted that the volumes actually were written by the Führer.

Still, there was circumstantial evidence that Fischer had penned the diaries. A companion, Edith Lieblang, had complained to friends that he was working "day and night" on a book about Hitler for *Stern*. In recent years, friends had noticed Fischer on a spending spree, buying, among other items, a house for 700,000 marks ($287,000) in cash.

Heidemann denied allegations by *Stern* that he had "possibly enriched himself" through fraud. Said he: "I was hoodwinked." Nonetheless, he belatedly admitted that for his role the magazine had paid him 1.5 million marks ($600,000).

Stern's management had accepted Heidemann's tales, and his purchases, with an amazing lack of skepticism or even normal caution. As its editors conceded last week, the magazine took possession of the first diaries more than two years ago. Yet *Stern* waited until after publication to subject the documents to the routine chemical tests that proved them fakes. *Stern* did consult handwriting experts, but the "authentic" Hitler artifacts supplied to the analysts for cross-checking may also have been forgeries: they were obtained from Heidemann's personal collection and thus, possibly, from Fischer. In self-defense, Heidemann repeatedly emphasized his editors' carelessness. Said he: "I only delivered the diaries. What the publishers and the editorial board do with them is not my business."

The affair of the faked diaries has raised grave questions of journalistic duty. *Stern's* staff concluded, in a dictum that had unique emotional force in West Germany, though less practical application elsewhere: "Even if the diaries were genuine, publication in *Stern* should have been forbidden in consideration of the victims of Nazi power." In the U.S., historians and social scientists labeled the diaries legitimate news, if authentic, but condemned some coverage as sensational. Concluded Yale University Psychohistorian Robert Jay Lifton: "In the melodrama unfolding before us, responsibility to history or to profound moral questions was lost in the intensity of commercial competition." —*By William A. Henry III.*
Reported by Gary Lee/Bonn

Newswatch/Thomas Griffith

Water-Torture Journalism

That $120 million libel suit by General William Westmoreland against CBS and Mike Wallace might well turn into an acrimonious debate about how the Viet Nam War was lost and why. "There is no way left for me," said Westmoreland in suing, "to clear my name, my honor and the honor of the military." However a court later decides, any viewer who saw the CBS broadcast in January 1982 probably remembers most vividly a nervous Westmoreland—under tough questioning by Wallace—squirming, licking his lips, answering falteringly. The lesson: never go on camera with Mike Wallace unless you are well prepared.

So it was something of a shocker last month when Media Critic Hodding Carter opened an inquiry on public television into the subject by describing Wallace as a central witness who "was not available to our cameras." Meaning that Wallace dishes it out, but can't take it? That set off another miniround of acrimony. Wallace concedes that CBS brass for a long time had shielded him and his colleagues from the press until there was what Wallace calls a "free the slaves" movement at CBS. That gave Wallace a chance to speak for himself, and he was ready to. By that time, because either Carter was away on assignment or Wallace was, they never got together for a face-off on camera. Still, Carter had a lively broadcast, and the New York *Times* devoted nearly a column to it.

CARL MYDANS

The *Times's* Rosenthal: Too long?

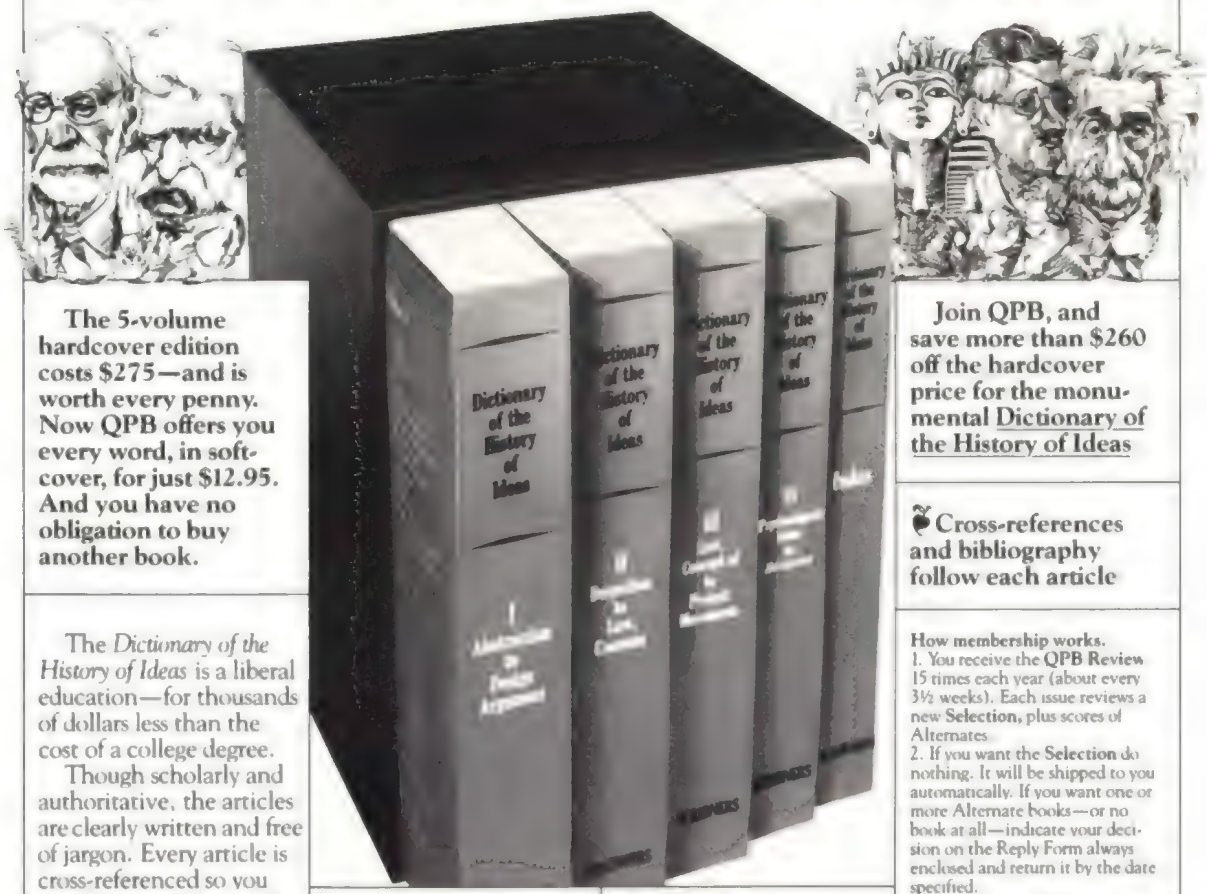
Next day, however, in a strange "Editors' Note," the *Times* rebuked its own TV critic, Reporter Frank Prial, and his editors: "Nothing in the *Times* account suggested that the criticism of CBS by *Inside Story* was fresh, substantive or otherwise newsworthy . . . By the *Times's* standards of news judgment and fairness, the article was too long and too prominently displayed." This somewhat sententious apology had been ordered up by Executive Editor A.M. Rosenthal, who speaks of "my naive astonishment" at the reaction it provoked. People accused him of disliking Hodding Carter ("I don't know him well enough to dislike him") or of bowing to pressure from CBS (says Wallace: "Can you imagine me trying to pressure him?").

Had the *Times* story been too long? Over on the food page, Critic Craig Claiborne often gets as much space to describe the place and circumstances where he discovered a fish sauce. Was there nothing new in Hodding Carter's critique? It added about as much, or as little, to public knowledge as had the original Westmoreland broadcast. CBS's charge that the Saigon top brass had misled L.B.J. about enemy troop strength relied largely on evidence from a former CIA analyst, Samuel Adams, to whom CBS paid $25,000. But Adams had previously made his case elsewhere and often: in congressional testimony, in court, in a *Harper's* article. To this old story CBS added the engrossing dramatics of witnesses defending themselves. The network also added hype, although it now regrets referring to a "conspiracy." Conceding some flaws in the preparation of the program, CBS still defends its accuracy. Using some on-camera witnesses of his own, Carter criticized CBS for lack of balance: "Even if you're sure of guilt, there's a vast difference between a fair trial and a lynching."

Well, Rosenthal had not meant to imply that Carter offered nothing new; Rosenthal says that it was the *Times* account that offered nothing new: "The wording may have been unclear in my stumbling way."

So let us moisten our lips and start afresh. Rosenthal thinks it is not enough for a newspaper to correct factual errors; he wants to get at the "more serious defects" of stories that are loaded, overplayed or underplayed, the kind, he says, that as editors "we tear each other's hearts out" about after-hours. He deplores "journalism by water torture," an article that adds one little new fact and then lengthily repeats familiar allegations. On this ground, he felt the Carter review too long. Mere wordiness does not trouble Rosenthal as much as do stories that are repetitiously derogatory to somebody or to some institution, in this case CBS. The aim of his new "Editors' Notes" is to rectify "what the editors consider significant lapses of fairness, balance or perspective." So far, about half a dozen of these contrition boxes have appeared. The ambition is admirable, but it may need the literary touch of a Russell Baker to keep such notes from sounding stuffy or self-conscious. Too often they leave the impression of being things the editors should have thought of earlier.

QPB MAKES HISTORY



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For those seeking an M.D. these days, the race begins early, the course is arduous, and the prize, once achieved, may hardly seem worth the effort. Medical students grumble about the unceasing pressures, the torrents of material, the lack of time to think, much less relax. And they are not the only ones complaining. Patients gripe that the products of this regimen, the current crop of doctors, have no compassion, run their practices like assembly lines and are more fascinated by tests and procedures than by the human beings they treat. Medical school deans and faculty members, meanwhile, worry about turning out narrow-minded, unenthusiastic graduates who have little perspective on the facts they have swallowed. After conducting a survey at Stanford, Medical Professor Saul Rosenberg concluded that medical students are widely perceived as "aggressive, competitive, narrow, dishonest, unfriendly individuals, in other words, nerds."

"Medical education is not in optimum health," declares Dr. Daniel Tosteson, dean of Harvard Medical School. What is worse, he adds, is that "there is little agreement on the diagnosis and treatment." Indeed, virtually every med school dean in the country has his own prescriptions for fixing what is wrong. Last week, for instance, prestigious Johns Hopkins School of Medicine announced a plan to guarantee admission to students still in their junior year of college. The purpose, said Hopkins Dean Richard Ross, is to encourage students to take a broader and more flexible approach to their senior year. Said he: "We would like to reverse the trend toward early specialization and overemphasis on science as preparation for medicine."

To bring some focus to the problems and encourage reform on a national scale, the Association of American Medical Colleges, which represents all 127 medical schools in the U.S. and all 16 in Canada, is conducting a three-year, $1 million survey, the first sweeping examination of medical education in a half-century. The aim, says A.A.M.C. President John Cooper, is to determine "what is the education that all physicians need," and how to make the process less "brutal."

The panel has already discovered that students and faculty members around the U.S. agree on at least one point: there is simply too much for young doctors to learn. Medical school has always been demanding, but because of the tremendous explosion of knowledge since World War II, the curriculum is now bursting at the seams. "Memorization, that's what it's all about," says David Earle, 24, a medical student at the University of California, San Francisco. Students are now inundated with factual details, a process some panel members characterize as "dense-pack education."

ILLUSTRATION FOR TIME BY JEAN FRANCOIS SALAUN

In his new book, *The Youngest Science: Notes of a Medicine-Watcher*, Dr. Lewis Thomas, who is chancellor of Memorial Sloan-Kettering Cancer Center in New York City, comments on the changes that occurred as medicine went from "a profoundly ignorant profession" to "a technology based on science." Students today are so overwhelmed by information that "many get turned off by basic science, instead of being flabbergasted by how wonderful it is," said Thomas in an interview with TIME. He goes so far as to suggest that the curriculum for the first two years should be "cut in half."

Ironically, much of the information pushed on medical students will be of limited use when they become practitioners. "Eighty percent of what I learn won't be relevant in 30 years," says Lachlan Forrow, 27, a fourth-year medical student at Harvard. According to Dean Donald Tapley of Columbia's College of Physicians and Surgeons, "biochemistry and molecular genetics are moving so fast that students graduating this year are not up to date because they learned it three years ago."

The pace of scientific discovery is so rapid that there is no point in trying to teach every last fact, says A.A.M.C. Panel Chairman Steven Muller, who is president of both Johns Hopkins University and its hospital. Instead, Muller and many of his peers want to pare down the curriculum so that students can concentrate on the fundamentals of medical science and practice. At the same time, they argue, students must be taught how to stay abreast of their evolving profession. Says August Swanson, director of academic affairs at the A.A.M.C.: "We have to teach our students to be lifelong learners and give them the conceptual knowledge and study skills that will allow them to keep up."

The A.A.M.C. panel will not make its recommendations until November 1984. In the meantime, medical schools are already experimenting with a number of innovations. Ohio State and the University of Illinois have pioneered in the use of computers to train doctors. With the quantity of medical literature expanding a hundredfold in a decade, the computer is probably the only tool that can allow doctors to stay up to date. Tufts School of Medicine plans to break ground this year for a $23 million health-sciences education building. Funded largely by the Federal Government, it is designed to be a national prototype for "lifetime medical education," says Carl Edwards, chief consultant on the project.

Elsewhere, universities are taking steps to cut the work load and make classes more interesting. At Washington University School of Medicine in St. Louis, the amount of time that students spend in the classroom has been reduced by 15%, and more outside exercises and research projects have been introduced instead. At Northwestern, faculty members have been experimenting with more imaginative teaching techniques. Professor James Garvin, for instance, now spikes his biochemistry lectures with a "case of the week," such as scurvy or nerve-gas poisoning, to make the subject seem less dry and abstract.

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Other universities are attempting to reduce the pressures on students by spreading medical education over more than four years. The University of Missouri accepts applicants right out of high school for enrollment in a special eight-year program that integrates medical courses with undergraduate work. Boston University has a similar program that begins in the junior year of college. Another way of unpacking the curriculum would be to extend some of the course work into the three to six years that most doctors spend in residency programs. "Now that postgraduate training has become practically obligatory, there is no longer the urgency to teach everything in the first four years," says Dr. Thomas Meikle, dean of Cornell Medical College. Meikle prefers this approach to admitting students before they have finished college. Says he: "Nothing can replace four solid years of the liberal arts."

Unfortunately, very few medical students are so broadly educated. Far too many who start out with wide interests become narrowly focused in their fight to get into med school. Students blame the problem on admissions committees, which emphasize grades and test scores over the personal attributes and interests that may make an individual a superior doctor. Notes Utah University Psychologist Calvin Taylor: "Based on test scores, you cannot predict who is going to be the most knowledgeable physician ten years later." Perhaps, says Thomas, "there should be an admissions quota for the solid citizens who rank in the middle of their class."

Whether med schools can actually foster sympathy and compassion in students is a matter of debate, but a number of educators feel that it is at least worth trying. At Brown, students "practice" medicine with professional actors who play patients. The scenes are videotaped, and students review them later to learn how to communicate better with those they treat. Columbia has taken a more academic approach by establishing the Center for the Study of Society and Medicine, which, says Dean Tapley, will offer instruction on "how to deal with the patient, the patient's family and his whole life, rather than 'the third bed on the left with a coronary.' "

BOB SACHA

Lewis Thomas

Certainly the best way to humanize doctors is to humanize their training. The common aim of all efforts to reform medical education is to allow students more time to absorb and reflect upon what they learn and more freedom to pursue personal interests. Says Dean John Sandson of Boston University: "If we want our students to be compassionate, we as faculty and administrators have to be compassionate too." —*By Claudia Wallis. Reported by Dick Thompson/San Francisco and Lisa Towle/Boston*

Science

Outbreak of Comet Fever

Close encounter with a surprise visitor from deep space

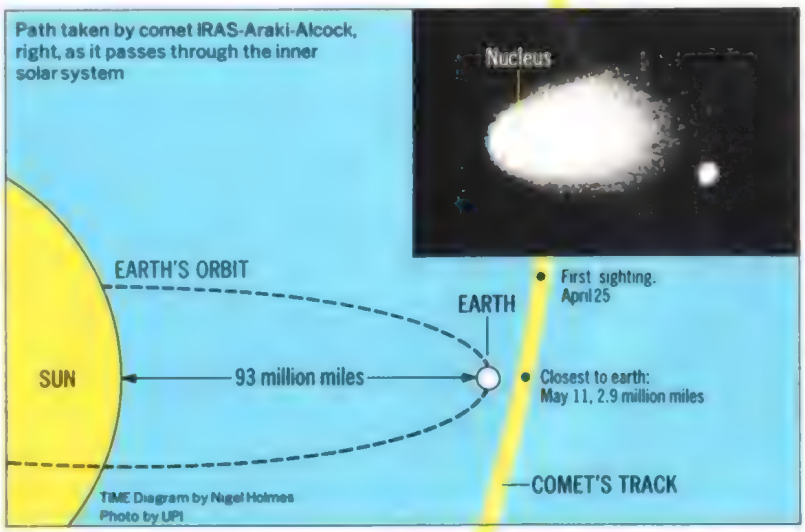
To ancient stargazers, comets (from the Greek for hairy star) were signs of heavenly displeasure. Actually, they are stray bits of debris, largely ice and dust, left over from the formation of the sun and its family of planets nearly 5 billion years ago. Skywatchers around the world got a rare chance last week to view such a dirty celestial snowball close up, at least by astronomical standards. The surprise visitor from deep space swept to within 2.9 million miles of earth, the nearest approach by a comet in two centuries.

Like all comets, the interloper was named for its discoverers. On April 25 it was detected by the new U.S.-British-Dutch Infrared Astronomical Satellite IRAS. But the scientists were unaware of a rule requiring notification of the International Astronomical Union's central bureau of telegrams in Cambridge, Mass. Several days later, two dedicated amateur comet hunters, Genichi Araki, 28, a junior high school teacher in rural Japan, and George Alcock, 70, a retired teacher in Britain who has spotted three other new comets, identified the hazy blob in the sky and properly reported it. The astronomical establishment diplomatically honored all three claims by calling the comet IRAS-Araki-Alcock.

For American astronomers, who are still deeply disappointed by the failure of the U.S. to send off a probe to intercept the most famous comet of all, Halley's, when it returns in 1986, IRAS-Araki-Alcock was a gift from heaven. At close encounter, it appeared as a blurry patch, about three times the diameter of the full moon, near the bowl of the Big Dipper. Even sharp-eyed amateurs with small telescopes or binoculars could make out the comet's bright central mass, or nucleus, and its long gaseous tail. Astronomers concluded that I-A-A was probably not a "virginal" comet, meaning one that has never before swept around the sun. Its lack of brilliance suggested that the sun had boiled off some of its icy material on earlier journeys, hundreds or even thousands of years ago.

Like most comets, I-A-A contains molecules of ammonia and nitrogen, along with water, presumed building blocks of the solar system. But another satellite, the International Ultraviolet Explorer, also found surprising indications of sulfur molecules. Said University of Maryland Astronomer Michael A'Hearn: "The sulfur may be one of the few things we see that actually reside in the comet's nucleus." The most stunning observational feat came when the big, 1,000-ft. radio telescope in Arecibo, P.R., managed to bounce radar waves off the fleeting object and perhaps settled the old argument over whether cometary nuclei are gaseous or solid. Said Harvard's Fred Whipple, dean of American comet watchers and chief proponent of the dirty-snowball theory: "The radar proves to my satisfaction that there is a solid object in the center of the comet."

The most elated observer was undoubtedly Araki, who regularly scans the skies over his village in Niigata prefecture. "I've discovered a wonderful star," said the young bachelor. "Now I've got to discover a wonderful wife." Perhaps the comet was a propitious sign. ■



Return to God

Solzhenitsyn speaks out

"The entire 20th century is being sucked into the vortex of atheism and self-destruction," the stern speaker warned his hushed audience. "We can only reach with determination for the warm hand of God, which we have so rashly and self-confidently pushed away . . . There is nothing else to cling to in the landslide."

The man at the lectern in London's Guildhall last week was Author Alexander Solzhenitsyn, who received this year's $170,000 Templeton Foundation Prize for Progress in Religion. The award, inaugurated in 1972 by U.S. Mutual Fund Wizard John M. Templeton, cited the Nobel-prizewinning Soviet exile as a "pioneer in the renaissance of religion in atheist nations" and a "living symbol of the continuing vitality of the Orthodox tradition of spirituality."

Solzhenitsyn's address was an extension of his last major public statement, the 1978 commencement speech at Harvard University, in which he assailed the West for its materialism, spiritual vapidity and timidity in the face of Communism. Last week the author said that Western secularism has been gaining force since the late Middle Ages and that this "gradual sapping of strength from within" is perhaps a more dangerous threat to faith than violent attack from outside, as under Communist rule.

In the sweep of Solzhenitsyn's apocalyptic warnings, there was one note of optimism: "No matter how formidably Communism bristles with tanks and rockets, no matter what successes it attains in seizing the planet, it is doomed never to vanquish Christianity."

Although he did not mention him by name, Solzhenitsyn sharply attacked Protestant Evangelist Billy Graham, last year's Templeton prizewinner, for "his deplorable statement that he had not noticed the persecution of religion in the U.S.S.R." during a visit last year. Solzhenitsyn also accused the World Council of Churches for seeming "to care more for the success of revolutionary movements in the Third World" than for denouncing religious persecution in the U.S.S.R.

At a subsequent meeting with several journalists, Solzhenitsyn offered the most detailed account he has yet given of his own religious pilgrimage. His first memory is of being hoisted above the heads of adults during an Orthodox service so that he could see what was happening: "Through a crowded church passed a number of men from the Cheka, the early form of security services, in their high, triangular caps, of course without taking their hats off as is the custom in any church. They tramped through all the way to the altar and began grabbing all the sacred vessels.

Soviet exile delivering his admonition

An era "sucked into the vortex of atheism."

"As a youth, I was harassed and persecuted for my belief in God," said Solzhenitsyn, who resisted atheist indoctrination until age 15. In later years, "I considered myself as a Marxist, but deep inside me the attachment to the church, to the faith that I had always had as a child, lived on."

After military service in World War II, the author was arrested for writing letters criticizing Stalin and sentenced to hard labor in the Gulag. "I was eight years in camp and that, of course, induced a lot of thought. I met a great many Orthodox and had a lot of discussions with them. After that, I was mortally ill in camp, and, faced with that mortal illness, I found anew my faith."

Shortly after the 1962 release of his first work, the prison-camp novella *One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich*, Solzhenitsyn composed a prayer-poem, which became part of the body of work honored by the Templeton Foundation. Solzhenitsyn recalled last week, "I was being subjected to increasing pressure and harassment. At this time I experienced a feeling that I had support—supernatural support. I wrote [the prayer] in the consciousness of the various outcomes that could be called my fate: maybe this is the last moment. Maybe this is it." But it was only the beginning. ■

Obey or Leave

And so a nun quits

"In my heart, I'm still a nun." So said Agnes Mary Mansour last week as she announced plans to leave the Sisters of Mercy of the Union rather than step down as Michigan's director of social services.

Appointed to the job last December, Mansour, 52, originally had the blessing of Detroit's Archbishop Edmund Szoka, even though her agency would administer $5.7 million a year for abortions. But Szoka insisted that the nun state her opposition to such outlays, since the church holds abortion to be an "unspeakable crime." Although personally against abortion, Mansour declined to do so because she thinks that in fairness, poor women should get aid if abortion is legal. In February, Szoka demanded that she resign; when Mansour and her order resisted, the archbishop took the issue of disobedience to Rome.

Under orders from Pope John Paul II, the Vatican appointed Auxiliary Bishop Anthony Bevilacqua of Brooklyn, N.Y., a canon-law expert, to inform Mansour that she must obey Szoka and quit the state post. Last week the bishop delivered the message in person. Mansour, who had hoped to solve the matter by getting a leave of absence from the order, pondered the situation for 80 minutes; she then received permission to leave the Sisters of Mercy in order to keep the state position.

Abandoning her 30-year vocation, Mansour protested: "Neither I nor my superiors were ever given the opportunity to appropriately present our case. I do not feel that I should or could witness to an obedience which, for me, would be irrational and blind." Added Mansour's former superior, Sister Maureen Mulcrone: "All men are making decisions. All women are being decided upon." Saying that they were "deeply saddened" and "profoundly disturbed" by the Vatican's decision, national leaders of the Sisters of Mercy are considering some sort of appeal, although chances of success are slim.

DAVID GWORKIN

Mansour

Rome's ruling on the Mansour case might raise a question for the president of the U.S. hierarchy, Archbishop John Roach of St. Paul–Minneapolis. In February he gave approval "at this time" for Sister Mary Madonna Ashton to become Minnesota's health commissioner. Although she has nothing to do with abortions, Ashton does run a program on birth control, a practice that also violates Roman Catholic doctrine. But the ultimate issue in the Michigan case was simple obedience to the hierarchy, and Roach has not demanded that Ashton denounce public funding of birth control. ■

Tidings

DEBATE ABOUT HOMOSEXUALITY

The National Council of Churches, a loose alliance of 32 Protestant and Orthodox denominations, has been attacked recently for supporting leftist causes in the U.S. and abroad. Last week the N.C.C. had another explosive issue on its hands: homosexuality. Meeting in San Francisco, the 207 delegates on the N.C.C.'s governing board considered an application for membership by the Universal Fellowship of Metropolitan Community Churches, most of whose 27,000 parishioners are gay.

The widespread Christian belief that homosexual acts are sinful is based on explicit statements in the Bible, including the passage from *Leviticus:* "If a man lies with a male as with a woman, both of them have committed an abomination." But the Metropolitan Community Church teaches that homosexuality is "a gift from God" and that there is nothing immoral about gay relationships. The church also conducts rites of "holy union" for gay couples, as well as "holy matrimony" for heterosexual couples.

Last week's debate was the first full-dress N.C.C. discussion of the issue. There have been hints that some denominations might quit the council if Metropolitan was admitted. During the session, a Greek Orthodox spokesman called acceptance unthinkable. A delegate from the African Methodist Episcopal Church called homosexuality "an aberration and perversion." Although the United Methodist Church officially finds homosexual relationships "incompatible with Christian teaching," Theologian Roy Sano, representing the denomination's liberal wing, said the N.C.C. should "fear for its soul" if it spurned the gay church.

After considering the arguments, the N.C.C. delegates will reconvene in November to vote on the Metropolitan application. If that passes, a second ballot by the delegates, and then by each denomination in the N.C.C., will occur in May 1984. From the tenor of last week's debate, the homosexual church has little chance of being accepted.

CONCERN FOR GALILEO

One of the great embarrassments in Roman Catholic Church history is the condemnation of Italian Astronomer Galileo Galilei by the Holy Office as "vehemently suspected of heresy." His crime: writing in defense of Copernicus' hypothesis that the earth revolves around the sun. In 1616 the Holy Office had proclaimed the Copernican view "formally heretical, inasmuch as it expressly contradicts the doctrines of Holy Scripture in many places, both according to their literal meaning" and the common interpretation of the early Church Fathers. The head of the Holy Office, which was responsible for seeking out heresy, ordered Galileo not to disseminate his views, and the astronomer agreed. Nonetheless, his 1632 masterwork, *Dialogue on the Two Great World Systems,* pursued the theory. The Holy Office condemned Galileo and kept him under house arrest during his final years.

CULVER PICTURES

Galileo

Last week John Paul II virtually admitted that the church had made a major mistake. In 1980 the Pope had set up a special commission composed of eight scientists, historians and theologians to review the evidence. He showed his sympathy for Galileo in a speech to a Rome meeting of 200 leading scientists, who were honoring the 350th anniversary of the publication of the *Dialogue.*

"The church's experience during the Galileo affair and after it had led to a more mature attitude toward, a more accurate grasp of, its proper authority," said the Pope. "The church learns by experience and reflection, and it now understands better the meaning that must be given to freedom of research. We recognize that [Galileo] suffered from certain bodies of the church." ■

Venita VanCaspel:

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Lemons from a Shady Dealer

A psychologist questions the value of all therapy

In 1952 the curmudgeonly British psychologist Hans Eysenck published a series of studies that enraged psychotherapists around the world. Two-thirds of treated neurotic patients improve within two years, Eysenck said, but so do two-thirds of neurotics who get no treatment at all. His conclusion: psychotherapy makes almost no difference.

Most researchers consider Eysenck's statistics badly flawed and his paper slanted, but the furor over it spurred hundreds of subsequent studies on the effects of psychotherapy. Psychologist Bernie Zilbergeld, after surveying that vast literature, comes to a conclusion in his new book, *The Shrinking of America* (Little, Brown; $17.50), uncomfortably close to Eysenck's: consumers of psychotherapy usually feel better and treatment makes some changes in their lives, but the changes are modest and short-lived.

Zilbergeld is a clinical psychologist in private practice in Berkeley, Calif., and author of the book *Male Sexuality* (1978). The chief benefit of therapy, he argues, seems to come from talking to a sympathetic listener. "In some ways," he says, "therapy is similar to prayer. Both can be comforting and useful, even when one does not get what one asks for. Both can keep hope alive, combat boredom and demoralization, decrease loneliness and alienation, help us get things off our chests and clear our minds, and make us feel more in control and more confident. But that is not the same as resolving problems or changing behavior."

DRAWING BY WHITNEY DARROW, JR.; © 1966 THE NEW YORKER MAGAZINE, INC.

"This is all the group therapy I need."

Judging the results of therapy is notoriously difficult. Is an ophidiophobic "cured" if he remains terrified of snakes but is willing to touch them, or only if the fear is gone? Measuring a subjective state is itself subjective, and researchers have no way of knowing how much improvement would have occurred without treatment.

One of the few studies Zilbergeld cites with approval was done in the 1970s by Psychologist Hans Strupp at Vanderbilt University. Seventy-two neurotic young males who received up to 25 sessions of treatment from trained therapists emerged about the same as comparable men who simply talked to concerned professors with no therapeutic training. As to whether professionals generally get better results than amateur advisers, Zilbergeld says, "The answer, hard as it may be to accept, is that they don't."

Behavioral therapy, he thinks, works well enough for common anxieties and the simpler phobias, like fear of animals or flying, but not well at all with more complex torments like agoraphobia, the generalized fear of the outside world. Almost any therapy will help a person with feelings of low self-esteem, lack of assertiveness and some marital problems. Zilbergeld says, but no therapy can do much for major depressions, schizophrenia, sexual deviance and the rehabilitation of criminals. "The most common products of most therapies," he writes, "are not behavior change, but caring, comforting and structuring."

Patients, Zilbergeld observes, routinely exaggerate the effects of treatment, out of gratitude or a desire to please the therapist. More than half of 325 problem youngsters in the Cambridge-Somerville Youth Study done from 1935 to 1945 in Massachusetts said they benefited from psychotherapy. An untreated group of 325 problem boys was used in that research as a control factor. But a follow-up study done 30 years later by Sociologist Joan McCord demonstrated that the treated patients showed almost no behavior differences from the control group. In fact, the treated boys were slightly more likely to have committed a major crime, developed signs of alcoholism or become mentally ill. "Without the control group," says Zilbergeld, "the program would have been judged a great success when it was actually a failure." Edwin Powers, director of the study, admitted it was not a great success, but said a large turnover in personnel during World War II skewed the results.

In his own tests of patients over three years, Zilbergeld says, "it was like pulling teeth" to get negative comments about their therapy. After all the time and money invested, he declares, it is akin to asking patients to admit that they bought four lemons from the same shady used-car dealer.

The 1971 *Handbook of Psychotherapy and Behavior Change* concluded that psychotherapy usually had only a modestly positive effect. But the revised 1978 edition of the book is slightly more sanguine. Treatment brings "clearly positive results" compared with nontreatment, wrote Allen Bergin and Michael Lambert, professors at Brigham Young University. They do add that techniques of therapy are less important than the rapport between the client and the therapist.

New York City Psychoanalyst Robert Langs makes the same point. Langs, author of *The Psychotherapeutic Conspiracy*, a study of what happens in various therapies, says, "We don't know the underlying basis of change, but it may be in the relationship between client and therapist. Something gets mobilized when you go to a good specialist that doesn't get mobilized when you talk to a sympathetic friend, and that's true of all therapies."

Dr. Toksoz Byram Karasu, of New York City, a specialist in the study of psychotherapies, says Zilbergeld's charges are "sensational, completely anecdotal and utterly biased." He reports that there are 475 studies comparing treatment with nontreatment. "On average," he notes, "the studies find that 80% of those who receive formal psychotherapy are better off than those who don't."

Such reactions do not faze Zilbergeld, who cites other studies in which professionals do not come out ahead of nonprofessionals. His basic advice to the therapy consumer: "If you simply want to talk to someone, it probably doesn't make a lot of difference whom you select, as long as you feel comfortable and he or she is listening." Better still, he says, accept yourself as you are and work on your problems without outside experts. Freud was neurotic, but surveyed his psyche one day and decided he did not need much change. Says Zilbergeld: "If this position was good enough for Freud, maybe it can be good enough for us."

—*By John Leo*

Computers

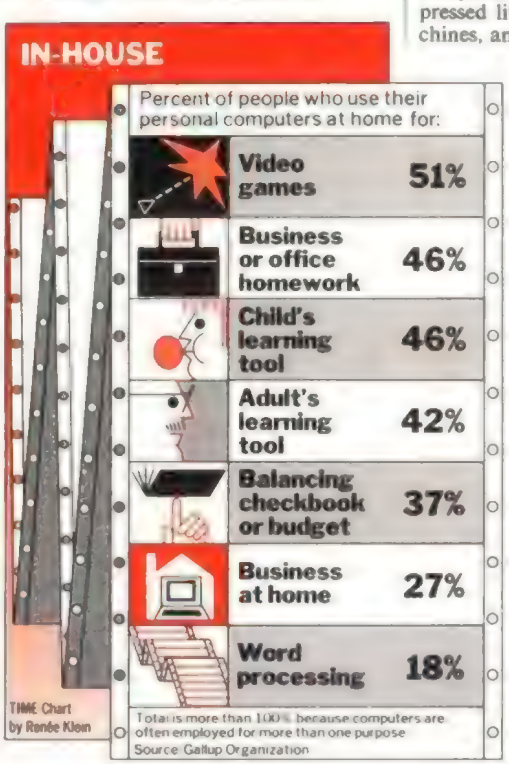
Games Stay out in Front

But micro owners are finding other uses for their machines

In households across the U.S. there are now some 4 million personal computers, compared with only 70,000 at the end of the past decade. In those pioneering days only a handful of programs were available, and game playing was the principal pursuit of the home-computer owner. Today software programs number in the thousands, and game playing is still the main use of home computers. Nonetheless, two recent surveys by the Gallup and Roper organizations show that this pattern is starting to change.

Gallup found that 51% of the PC owners it surveyed use their machines to play such video games as Frogger, Choplifter and Deadline. But many enthusiasts put their home machines to multiple use, and some of those other applications now run a close second to game playing. Forty-six percent of the home-computer owners interviewed said they use micros to do accounting or make business forecasts; 46% said they utilize them to teach their children spelling and mathematics. A sizable slice of the sampling, 37%, said they balance their checkbooks or household budgets on the machines. Less than 10% use them to store recipes or count calories.

The Roper survey, which phrased its poll questions somewhat differently, found that 75% of those interviewed in homes with computers used them for both video-game playing and calculations. In the 18-to-29 age category, 25% expressed interest in using a micro. That percentage dropped to 16% in the 30-to-44 bracket; to 9% with the 45-to-59 crowd; and to a minuscule 3% among the over-60 generation. Similarly, disapproval of personal computers rose with age: 28% in the 18-to-29 group, and all the way up to 87% for those 60 and older.



Buying computers to teach children is increasingly important in the consumer market. Roper found that families with teen-agers were 50% more likely than the average household to have computers. Some surprising statistics: only 2% of computer owners in the Gallup survey expressed little satisfaction with their machines, and only 1% said that they were "not at all satisfied."

Game playing among home-computer users should remain strong. According to Future Computing Inc., a Texas-based market-research firm, 52% of all home software sold this year, totaling some 12 million packages, will be entertainment programs; about 16%, or 4 million packages, will be educational programs. Those figures are up from 4 million home-entertainment programs and 1.4 million educational programs sold in 1982. The statistics, however, can be misleading. Game programs, say experts, have short life spans. People play games constantly, tire of them quickly and demand new diversions. Business and educational programs, on the other hand, are used again and again.

The surveys suggest that a number of useful programs will have to be created to entice a large body of new purchasers. "People at the low end of the market, with $100 machines, are interested only in games," says Gallup Vice President John McNee. "More knowledgeable purchasers, who buy more expensive machines, want all kinds of new things. With them lies the future of the personal computer." ■

Milestones

DIED. Jory Graham, 55, newspaper columnist, author and lecturer whose weekly *A Time to Live*, syndicated in 50 newspapers, chronicled her spirited eight-year battle with cancer for an audience often inspired by her courage and candor; of cancer; in Chicago. Graham, who began the column to help cancer patients like herself face up to the reality of the disease, wrote last month: "Long ago, I promised I would let you know when I came to the time of my dying. That time has come."

DIED. Theodore Ward, 80, Louisiana-born, Chicago-based playwright whose critically acclaimed major works (*Big White Fog, Our Lan'*) not only depicted racial oppression in America but also sought to create heroic black protagonists; of a heart attack; in Chicago.

DIED. John Williams, 80, tall (6 ft. 2 in.), ever-so-straight, mustachioed British-born actor who inevitably played the impeccable Englishman (with just an arched-eyebrow hint of pompousness) in a career of more than 50 years; of a ruptured blood vessel; in La Jolla, Calif. His most famous role was the somewhat distracted, tenacious police inspector in both the stage and film productions of *Dial M for Murder*.

DIED. Miguel Aleman, eightyish, President of Mexico from 1946 to 1952, who helped build PEMEX, his country's government-owned oil-production monopoly, and later became an energetic booster for Mexican tourism; of a heart attack; in Mexico City. The son of a revolutionary general who helped topple Dictator Porfirio Díaz in 1911, Aleman ran a regime noted for widespread corruption and came away from office a multimillionaire with extensive land holdings in Acapulco.

DIED. Anna Rosenberg Hoffman, 81, strong-willed labor and manpower expert and adviser to Presidents, who from 1950 to 1953 was an Assistant Secretary of Defense, the highest Pentagon post ever held by a woman; of pneumonia; in New York City. Born in Budapest, reared in New York City, she blended toughness with soft-voiced charm and a dash of flamboyance in her many public posts. Hoffman dramatized her role as a mediator during a 1930s New York City electricians' strike by donning hip boots and descending into a subway tunnel. Awarded the Medal of Freedom in 1945, the first female recipient, she devoted her time in later years to her own public relations firm and philanthropic organizations.

COVER STORIES

Great Galloping Galaxies!

Return of the Jedi *triumphantly completes George Lucas'* Star Wars *trilogy*

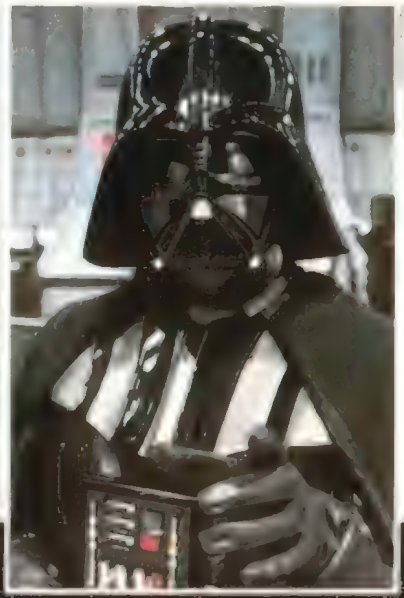
Stop for a minute! Do you really want to know, before you have seen the movie, the answers to some of the most intriguing questions of 1983?

Will Han Solo be freed from the carbonite in which he has been imprisoned?

Will Luke Skywalker at last become a Jedi knight?

Is Darth Vader really Luke's father?

All this, and a bit more, will of necessity be revealed in the following paragraphs. Filmgoers who demand total suspense should now avert their eyes and wait patiently in line Wednesday, May 25, when *Return of the Jedi*, the third of the *Star Wars* epics, opens in 950 theaters across the U.S. and Canada. Those who think they have already guessed the answers may read on, secure in the knowledge that the real surprises of the movie will not be unveiled in the pages that follow. So get ready for the final picture in George Lucas' marvelous rocket-propelled fairy tale and prepare your eyes for a constellation of special effects, a galaxy of monsters and a small world inhabited by fierce and furry Teddy bears.



It seems almost inevitable that *Return of the Jedi* will be one of this summer's blockbusters. (Other strong entries, including *Superman III*, a computer thriller called *WarGames* and *The Twilight Zone*, based on the old television series, have hopeful studios predicting that this summer's receipts may break last year's $1.2 billion record.) *Star Wars*, the first in the series (1977), has taken in $524 million at box offices around the world, while *The Empire Strikes Back*, the second in the saga (1980), has grossed $365 million worldwide. And *Empire*, as Lucas himself points out, was not an upbeat picture: it had an ending that left the bad guys in

charge, and the good guys on the run—or, in poor Han Solo's case, on ice.

Return of the Jedi completes the trilogy. It is not as exciting as *Star Wars* itself, which had the advantage of novelty. But it is better and more satisfying than *The Empire Strikes Back*, which suffered from a hectic, muddled pace, together with the classic problems of being the second act in a three-act play. "I think *Jedi* is the best *Star Wars* movie ever made, and it is definitely going to be the most successful," says Director Steven Spielberg, who as one of Lucas' closest friends is admittedly biased. "The first movie was the introduction; *Empire* was the second-act conflict. But they were mere canapés for this third-act opus. This is the definitive *Star Wars*."

Produced at a cost of $32.5 million (compared with more than $10 million for *Star Wars* and $25 million for *Empire*), *Jedi* is more lavish than its predecessors. *Star Wars*, for example, had about 545 special effects; *The Empire*, 763; *Jedi* has 942. "The effects in this film are more or less the way I wanted them to be in *Star Wars*, but I didn't have the technology to carry them out," says Lucas. "The space battle is ten times more complicated than the one in *Star Wars*. If you went back and saw that one after seeing this one, it wouldn't be nearly as exciting as you remembered it." Adds Tom Smith, a vice president at Lucasfilm Ltd.: "I can't think of anything that we know how to do that we didn't do for this movie."

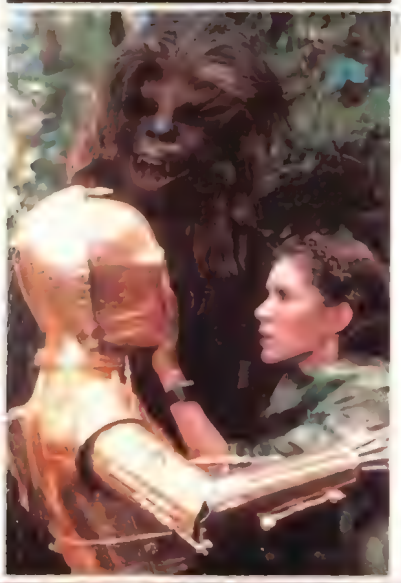
So dim the lights and butter the popcorn. This is, after all, as Lucas keeps reminding us, a popcorn movie.

The maverick space pilot Han Solo (Harrison Ford), still encased in that carbonite, is a wall decoration in the castle of Jabba the Hutt on the desert planet Tatooine. Jabba, a huge, slobbering, slug-like creature resembling a repulsive mixture of Humpty Dumpty and Sydney Greenstreet, is Mr. Big in the galactic underworld. Around him he has assembled the vilest monsters in the universe.

Now, one by one, often in disguise, Han's friends come to rescue him: first that robotic dynamic duo, See-Threepio (C-3PO), the gold-plated neurotic with a proper English accent (Anthony Daniels), and Artoo-Detoo (R2-D2), who looks like a tank-type vacuum cleaner but has the heart of a lion. Then Solo's bearlike copilot Chewbacca, the 7-ft. 5-in. Wookie; the feisty Princess Leia (Carrie Fisher); and Lando Calrissian (Billy Dee Williams), the smooth-talking leader of *The Empire Strikes Back's* Cloud City. And finally the hero, Luke Skywalker (Mark Hamill), who already has many of a Jedi knight's weapons, the mysterious but potent powers of the Force.

Before Han is rescued, there are several close-fought battles, including one with a giant Grendel-like monster in the castle's dungeon, another with Jabba and his minions in antigravity sail barges, floating perilously above the desert pit that holds another, even more frightening monster. It swallows its victims, and they die ever so painfully during a dinner that lasts a thousand years.

All that is merely preliminary, however, to the real battle between the Rebel Alliance and the corrupt Empire, and to the contest of wills between Luke, the last of the Jedis, and the black-caped, black-masked Darth Vader. Yoda, the 900-year-old Jedi master from *The Empire Strikes Back*, reappears to confirm what Luke feared most: Darth Vader is indeed his father, a former Jedi knight who was seduced by the evil Emperor and turned to the "dark" side of the Force, to hate rather than to love. Luke will never be a real Jedi, Yoda says, until he has confronted his father. At the end, the Emperor himself, a wizened, glowering old man in a sorcerer's cloak (Ian McDiarmid), watches as father and son struggle with each other. "Kill him," he tells Luke. "Your hate has made you powerful. Now, fulfill your destiny and take your father's place at my side!"



In final combat: the menacing Darth Vader; an Imperial Star Destroyer approaches the Death Star; Luke Skywalker attacks Jabba's forces; Chewbacca, Princess Leia and See-Threepio huddle to plot strategy; Han Solo is held captive by Ewoks.

© Photographs courtesy Lucasfilm Ltd

The slobbering Jabba the Hutt conferring with an aide while a pet monster looks on

While that is going on aboard the Emperor's *Death Star*—a souped-up version of the one that Luke destroyed in *Star Wars*—his friends are confronting legions of imperial storm troopers on the green, forested Moon of Endor, thousands of miles away. Their new allies are a tribe of primitive Ewoks, pugnacious little warriors who look like cuddly Teddy bears but have the combative and fearless temperaments of Yorkshire terriers.

There are dazzling, dizzying chases by flying speeder bikes through dense groves of giant redwood trees and eventually another full-blown space battle, as the ships of the Rebel Alliance try to destroy the *Death Star*. Is Luke seduced by the dark side of the Force? Does he kill his father? Do the rebels win? Don't ask, but one clue may be allowed. Says Harrison Ford, with some dismay: "George has a predisposition for happy endings."

Taken on its own terms—"Let's face it," says Hamill, "we made a film for children"—*Return of the Jedi* is a brilliant, imaginative piece of moviemaking. But it does not diminish the accomplishment of Lucas and his youthful team to say that there are flaws nonetheless. The most obvious, ironically, is an overemphasis on effects and a too proud display of odd-looking creatures. Some otherwise breathtaking scenes, such as the visit to Jabba's lair, the hair-raising chases through the redwoods and the climactic space battle, are extended to the point of satiety. The other flaw is the ending: in all three films, Lucas has almost entirely avoided the rank sentimentality to which his story is vulnerable. In the final minutes of *Jedi* he succumbs, however, and ends his trilogy with one of the corniest conclusions in recent years.

On the other hand, the acting in *Jedi* is better than it was in the other two. Ford was always good as the likable, daredevil cynic, but Fisher and, most particularly, Hamill have broadened and matured their talents. In his final scenes with Vader, Hamill provides Luke with a hitherto unsuspected depth of personality. Despite its shortcomings, which are relatively minor in context, the film succeeds, passing the one test of all enduring fantasy: it casts a spell and envelops its audience in a magic all its own.

Lucas developed his themes more than ten years ago: the battle between good and evil; the ability of a free-spirited, unsophisticated society to win ultimate victory over a high-tech dictatorship; the power of an individual to prevail against all odds, if he only has faith in himself. "I don't believe it," Luke says in *Empire*, when Yoda levitates a spaceship. "That," answers Yoda, "is why you fail." It is a complicated universe of the imagination Lucas has laid out to express his themes, and he has tirelessly overseen its evolution, directing the first film himself and assigning the other two to carefully selected subalterns: Irvin Kershner for *Empire* and Richard Marquand for *Jedi*.

Darth Vader's master, the evil Emperor

"Your hate has made you powerful."

Marquand, a Welshman who had years of experience directing primarily for British television (*The Search for the Nile*), campaigned for the job and guarded Lucas' creation zealously. Says he: "It is as if Lucas were a famous composer who said to me, 'Here's a 120-piece orchestra. Here's my music. I'd like you to conduct.' " In this maestro's view, Kershner had carelessly strayed from the true faith. Marquand was disturbed to detect that in *Empire* Artoo-Detoo was occasionally painted with black squares instead of his customary blue, and that Darth Vader sometimes wielded his light-saber with only one hand, like an oldtime Texas sheriff. "Everyone knows that a light-saber is too heavy for one hand," Marquand says indignantly

Intent on observing what he calls the "etiquette of the saga," he persuaded Lucas to tell him what happened to the characters before *Star Wars* began and demanded that Lucas always be available by phone, so that he could find out how a character should look or think in Lucas' universe. "I acted as the ultimate source," explains Lucas. "I was the only one that had the whole vision."

Marquand did not always have to phone for answers: Lucas, whose official title was executive producer, was on the set something like 60% of the time, far more than he had been during the shooting of *Empire*. Yet, according to both men, there was rarely a conflict and only occasional confusion. "Only once did I get conflicting directions," recalls Fisher. "When I came into Jabba's throne room disguised as a man, Richard told me to stand like an English sentry. Then George walked in and said, 'Carrie, you're standing like an English sentry. You want to be more swashbuckling.' "

Lucas was particularly demanding with the people who created the creatures and the special effects, and often changed his mind. Makeup and Creature Designers Stuart Freeborn, who made the ape costumes in *2001: A Space Odyssey*, and Phil Tippett always started with clay models that could be recast over and over again. The mold for the sprawling Jabba took two tons of clay and was so big that no oven could hold it; an entire room had to be turned into a Jabba bakery.

At one time or another, *Jedi* called upon the talents of dozens of dwarfs and midgets in Britain, where the interiors were shot. The Teddy bear warriors alone required 40 of the "little people." Costumes were fitted, and several of the female Ewoks even cuddled baby Ewoks, cunningly designed hand puppets. Kenny Baker, the man who has propelled Artoo-Detoo through his more complicated maneuvers—at times Artoo-Detoo was a real machine—doubled as an Ewok and re-

cruited his wife into the Ewok tribe as well. "Since most of the Ewoks live in trees, we had to find a good number of dwarfs and midgets who could do stunts," says Freeborn. "One even had a black belt in karate."

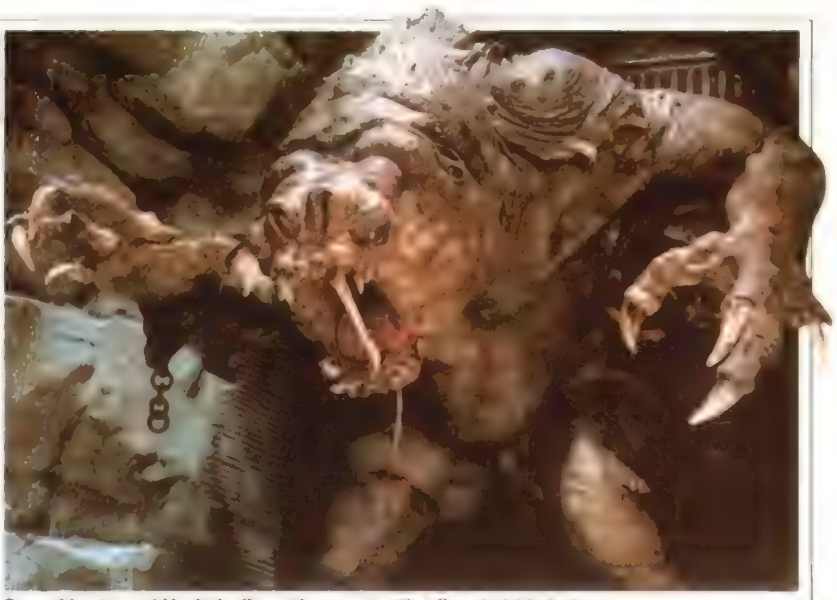
Sound Designer Ben Burtt devised a new language for the Ewoks, as he did for all the creatures with speaking parts. Ewokese, for example, is a combination of five tongues, including Mongolian, Tibetan and Nepali. All were garbled together in Burtt's sound mixer. When it came time to compose an Ewokese anthem, Burtt could do it without the mixer. "By that time," he jokes, "I could speak Ewokese myself."

A quarter of *Jedi's* budget, $8 million, went into special effects, most of which were shot at Industrial Light and Magic, a division of Lucasfilm, in Marin County, across the Golden Gate Bridge from San Francisco. The model shop made everything from the *Death Star* to Han Solo's saucer-shaped *Millennium Falcon*, and the optical department made its models look as if they were both big and in movement. Most of the flying objects in *Jedi* were really stationary, and the camera did all the moving.

The speeder-bike chases through the redwoods were an example. To give the illusion of speed, a cameraman walked through a forest near Crescent City, Calif., while the camera strapped to his chest ran film at one-thirtieth its normal speed. When that film was put into a projector at regular speed, the cameraman's stroll became a hair-raising 150-m.p.h. race between the experienced storm troopers and the amateur rebels.

The scenes in space were the product of highly advanced matte photography. One element of a scene, an imperial battle cruiser, for instance, would be shot. Then another element, like a rebel fighter, would be photographed and superimposed on it, as if it were another layer on a cake. Some of the shots in the final space battle had 67 such layers, one on top of the other. Says Art Director Joe Johnston: "We have to make each film better than the one previous. The public demands a special-effects extravaganza, something that will blow them away for their five dollars. We were never sure whether the movie was a vehicle for the effects or for the story."

Acting in the *Star Wars* epics has made the leads rich, famous and impatient to do other things. "Seven years is a long time," says Fisher, 26. "I was 19 when I did the first movie and 25 when I did the last one. I grew up on these films. They were my college in space." Tired of playing "a princess with a beef," as she calls the lovely Leia, Fisher asked that she be given an extra dimension in *Jedi*. Lucas acceded, in a manner of speaking. In one scene with Jabba, Lucas took off her bulky space outfit and put her into a belly dancer's costume. Says she: "I then wanted to say, 'Would you look at what they're making me wear?' "



Something to avoid in dark alleys: the monster that lives in Jabba's dungeon

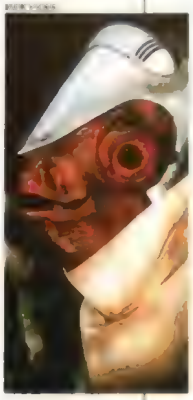
Hamill, 31, is trying to relieve his *Star Wars* frustrations on the stage. He has been playing the part of Mozart in *Amadeus* for 5½ months, first on tour and now on Broadway. Like all the other actors, Hamill is devoted to Lucas, but he admits that "these movies didn't give me much pride in my craft. I had to act onstage to get that. Special-effects movies are hard on actors. You find yourself giving an impassioned speech to a big lobster in a flight suit. Only later do you see how silly it looks."

Hamill has turned down roles similar to that of Luke, but finds that producers do not consider him for character parts he seeks, such as that of the fanatic cyclist in *Breaking Away*. Like many actors who have become famous playing one character, he has stepped into a kind of prison. Now, he says, "I'm relieved and excited that this is the end." But Hamill, says Lucas, is "going to have to play Luke Skywalker characters for a long time, just as Harrison played so many semi-Han Solo parts. Mark's a very good actor. Eventually people will realize that he can do something else."

A stouthearted Ewok, ready for war

A world of fierce and furry Teddy bears.

Ford, 40, is the only one to break out of his *Star Wars* mold, and that is only because he won the role of Indiana Jones in another Lucas-inspired film, Spielberg's *Raiders of the Lost Ark*. *Star Wars* gave him visibility, but *Raiders* made him a box-office draw. "People want fairy tales in their lives, and I'm lucky enough to provide them," Ford says with a touch of cynicism. "There is no difference between doing this kind of film and playing King Lear. The actor's job is exactly the same: dress up and pretend." Nonetheless, he wanted Han to do something different in *Jedi*, and that was to die. "I thought it would give the myth some body. Han Solo really had no place to go. He's got no papa, he's got no mamma, he's got no story. But that was the one thing I was unable to convince George of."



Hooded exotic

Of course not. Though Lucas has no immediate plans for Han, Leia or Luke, that does not mean he will not come up with some in the next decade or so. If he does carry the story any further, he will probably go back to the beginning, before these characters were born, and make what he calls a "prequel," another trilogy that would explain how the Republic fell. Only after that—and certainly not before the 1990s—would he do the sequel and show what happens to the *Star Wars* trio after *Jedi*. But at the moment the only words he likes to think about are The End. "I look upon the three *Star Wars* films as chapters in one book," he says. "Now the book is finished, and I have put it on the shelf." —***By Gerald Clarke. Reported by Mary Cronin/London, Dick Thompson/San Francisco and Denise Worrell/Los Angeles***

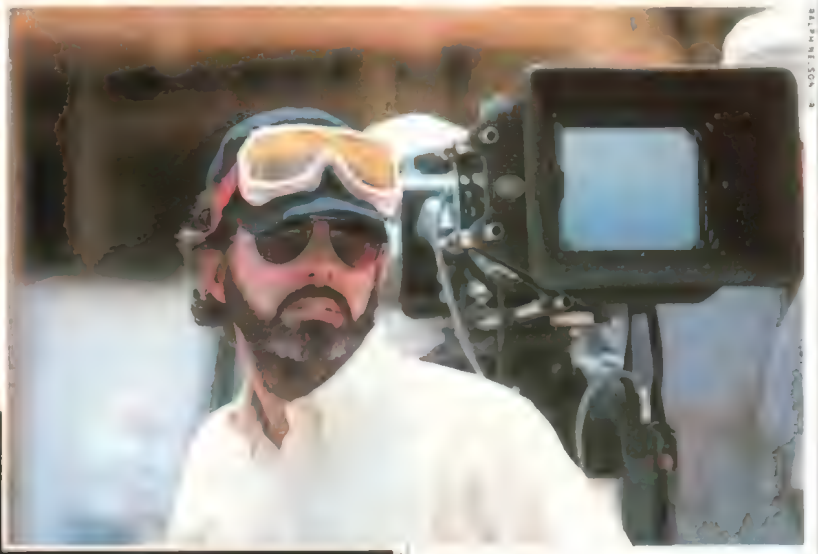
"I've Got to Get My Life Back Again"

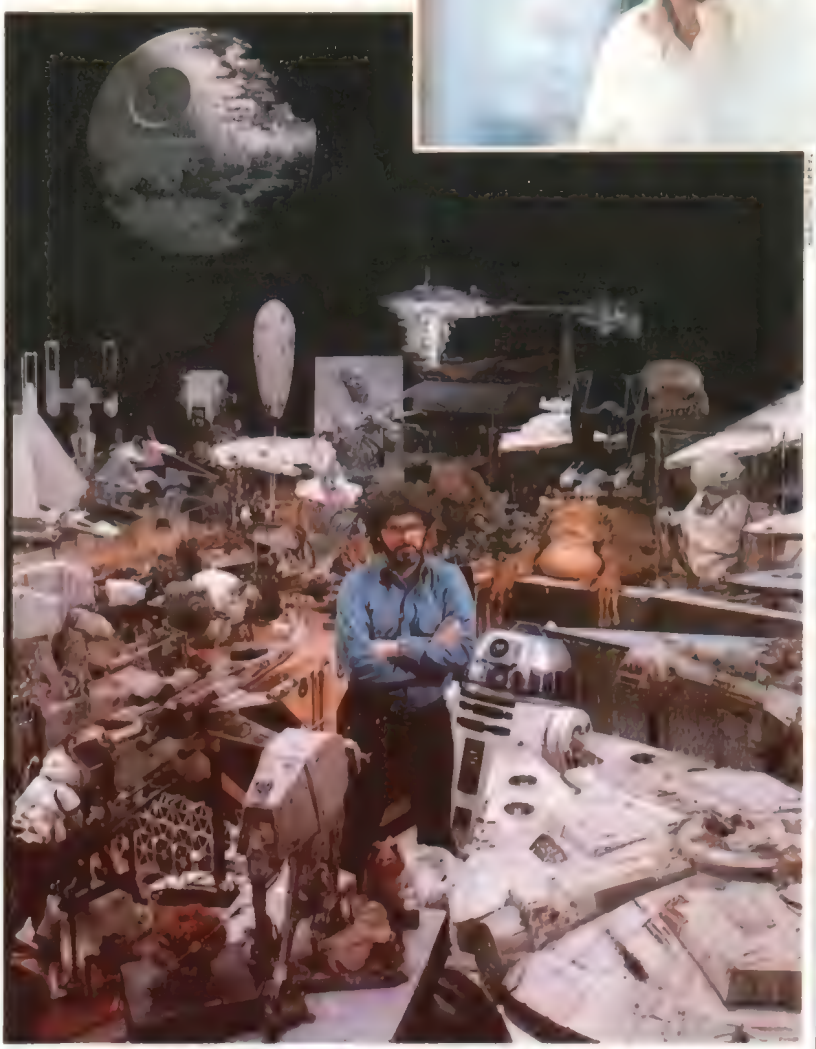
After his labors, the mythmaker plans to rest and perhaps retire

From his office window, George Lucas looks out over a pleasant little valley to a pleasant little mountain, Mount Tamalpais. Small as it is, this friendly peak has an important if unheralded role in his life: it blocks the summer fog that often rolls in from San Francisco, eleven miles to the south, and makes the side on which Lucas lives and works that much sunnier.

Mount Tamalpais is only one reason Lucas has for rejoicing. Here, in no particular order, are some of the others:

He shares with his friend Steven Spielberg (*E.T.*) the title "Mr. Blockbuster." Besides *Star Wars* and *The Empire Strikes Back*, which rank No. 2 and No. 3 in receipts, he drew up the plot of and produced No. 5, *Raiders of the Lost Ark*. In addition, an earlier film, *American Graffiti* (1973), loosely modeled on his own adolescence in Modesto, Calif., ranks as one of the most profitable films in Hollywood history. It cost Universal Pictures only $780,000 to produce, but it has already returned $145 million worldwide.





The creator shooting *Jedi* in Arizona and surrounded by models in the I.L.M. warehouse

Besides making money, the *Star Wars* pictures changed the way moviemakers look at film and created a new vision of ancient mythological themes that has deeply affected a whole generation of children. What Walt Disney was to the children of the '30s, '40s and '50s, Lucas is to those of the late '70s and '80s. "George has been able to hook into some very basic universal images," says Lawrence Kasdan, who wrote the *Jedi* script with him. "Tying into these images isn't always conscious, and part of George's gift is his being able to use everything he has ever experienced or been exposed to. He is able to draw on the feelings he may have had when he was twelve or much younger."

Lucasfilm and its various divisions, like Industrial Light and Magic, are doing well. I.L.M., for example, has created special effects not only for Lucas' films but for others too, including *Star Trek II* and *E.T.* The company spends about $3 million a year on research and development of things like better sound systems for movie theaters, and it is pioneering the art of film far more than any of the Hollywood studios. Even after generous profit deals for his stars and associates (Mark Hamill, for instance, will re-

ceive 1.5% of the profits of *Return of the Jedi*), Lucas has kept enough for himself, roughly $20 million, to provide the ordinary domestic comforts.

Beyond all that, he has an apparently blissful marriage, a charming, attractive wife Marcia, 37, and an adopted daughter Amanda, who is two and whom he seems to worship. As he celebrated his 39th birthday last week, just eleven days before the release of his latest and perhaps most successful picture, he had every reason to celebrate. Why, then, as he sits down to talk on this fresh spring day, his office deliciously perfumed by a bowl of giant, sinfully luscious strawberries, is he so gloomy, so unhappy, so downright miserable?

First of all, he is tired, still groggy from jet lag. He has just returned from Sri Lanka, where he was working on *Indiana Jones: The Temple of Doom*, the sequel to *Raiders*. Second of all, he is worried about the reception of *Jedi*. "What if we have finally got to the end of the shaggy-dog story," he asks, "and everybody says, 'That's it?' Technically and logistically, this was the hardest of the three films to make, and all I see is the mistakes and the stuff that doesn't work." Only 5 ft. 7 in. and always slight, Lucas has lost 20 lbs. in the past six months of work and worry. The way he talks, the sheriff will be at his door May 26 if there are not long lines outside theaters when *Jedi* opens May 25.

But there is more to Lucas' bleak expression than weariness or worry. There is a fundamental, existential malaise, and as he describes it, the telling of the *Star Wars* saga has taken a terrible toll on him. "The sacrifice I've made for *Star Wars* may have been greater than I wanted," he says. "After *Graffiti*, *Star Wars* could have gone in the toilet and it wouldn't have mattered financially. It's an interesting choice I made, and now I'm burned out. In fact, I was burned out a couple of years ago, and I've been going on momentum ever since. *Star Wars* has grabbed my life and taken it over against my will. Now I've got to get my life back again—before it's too late!

"Ever since I was in film school in the '60s, I've been on a train. Back then I was pushing a 147-car train up a very steep slope—push, push, push. I pushed it all the way up, and when *Star Wars* came along in 1977, I reached the top. I jumped on board, and then it started going down the other side of the hill. I've had the brakes on ever since. My life since *Star Wars* has been spent pulling back on all these levers, trying to stop the train from going down this very steep slope, with the wheels screaming and screeching all the way. It's been work, work, work."

What that has meant in practical terms has been long stretches of getting up at 5 a.m., coming home at 8:30 p.m. or later, and no more than five hours of sleep. "People usually don't understand the implications of what I'm saying," he insists, "but they are awesome! It's one thing to talk about it; it's another to actually live your life that way. After a while it just gets to be grim. I'm not going to turn around 16 years from now and have my 18-year-old daughter say, 'Hi, Dad, where have you been all my life?' So I'm about to jump off the train. I've got this slim chance right now to decide what I want to do."

One decision Lucas has already made: to place Lucasfilm on hold and take a two-year sabbatical. His company will continue—he is not intimately involved in its day-to-day operations anyway—and he will finish his duties as co-executive producer of the *Indiana Jones* film. But that, he maintains, will be all. He will spend time with his wife, play with his daughter, and go to movies. He will also read and write, retreating to what Marcia calls his "tree-house environment," a little suite in a former carriage house a few steps away from the rest of their Victorian-style home in San Anselmo. There, near his Mickey Mouse phone, his Wookie pencil holder and his telescope, he has books on mythology, like Joseph Campbell's *The Hero with a Thousand Faces*, and five three-ring notebooks, in which he has written notes on the history of *Star Wars*, past, present and future.

The films that record what went on in the beginning—if they are ever made—will be altogether different in look and tone from the existing trilogy, says Lucas. They will be more melodramatic, showing the political intrigue and Machiavellian plotting that led to the downfall of the once noble Republic. They will have only enough outward action to keep the plot moving. Obi-Wan Kenobi, the elderly Jedi who was played by Alec Guinness in the *Star Wars* series, and Darth Vader will be seen as younger men, while Luke Skywalker may make a brief appearance as a baby in Episode III.

The sequels, the three movies that would follow *Jedi*, are considerably vaguer. Their main theme will be the necessity for moral choices and the wisdom needed to distinguish right from wrong. There was never any doubt in the films already made; in those the lines were sharply drawn, comic-book-style. Luke, who will then be the age Obi-Wan Kenobi is now, some place in his 60s, will reappear, and so will his friends, assuming that the creator decides to carry the epic further. Hamill and the others will get first crack at the roles—if they look old enough.

The abundant fantasy on the screen is a mere sliver of Lucas' imaginary universe. Behind any creature may be a little volume of fable or cultural anthropology. Chewbacca is a favorite of Lucas', and he can go on and on about the Wookie tribe. They come from a damp jungle planet where they reside in tree houses and live to be 350 years old. The six-breasted females deliver their offspring in litters. Af-

Director Marquand discussing See-Threepio's lines with Actor Daniels

Tippett painting one of Jabba's monsters

ter an invasion by Imperial forces, which may be alluded to in the "prequel," the Wookies were rounded up by slave traders and sold throughout the Empire. Chewy was rescued by Han Solo and installed as his copilot. Got that?

If the saga sometimes sounds like a comic book or a children's TV serial, magnified a thousand times over, it is no accident. Lucas grew up on both. His father George Sr., who owned a prosperous stationery store in Modesto, was a rigorous man who tried to teach his son and three daughters the old-fashioned virtues: early to bed, early to rise; be true to yourself; work hard, be frugal. His father was convinced that the son paid no attention. "He never listened to me," says George Sr. "He was his mother's pet. If he wanted a camera, or this or that, he got it. He was hard to understand. He was always dreaming up things."

"A scrawny little devil," as his father remembers, George was a target for neighborhood bullies, who would throw his shoes into the sprinkler and tease him until his younger sister Wendy chased them away. A terrible student (the loyal Wendy would sometimes get up at 5 a.m. to correct misspellings in his English papers), he found comfort in fantasy. Whenever he or Wendy got a dollar, they would march down to the drugstore and buy ten comic books, which they would then read in a shed behind their stucco house on Ramona Avenue. Several carloads of comics were passed on to his sister Ann's children a few years ago, but they have since been returned to George, a legacy perhaps for his own daughter. When he was ten or so, TV replaced the comics, and he would spend Saturday mornings watching cartoons, his black cat Dinky draped round his neck.

In his teens Lucas did what most other boys did in Modesto: cruised the streets. Nearly killed when he crashed his Fiat into a walnut tree, he missed his high school graduation and took four months to recuperate. When he was able to function again, he attended Modesto Junior College for two years, then went to the film school of the University of Southern California in Los Angeles. At U.S.C., Lucas finally came into his own. "He played with the concepts, he was free, he said we can do anything," says Classmate John Milius, director of *Conan the Barbarian*. "In those days we really felt we were going to change everything, that we were going to make the greatest art. And we did to a degree."

After graduation in 1966, Lucas worked as an assistant to Francis Coppola, who was directing *Finian's Rainbow*. Coppola, who remains a friend, later helped him find backing for his feature, *THX 1138* (1971), a chilling look at a futuristic world in which people live underground and numbers have replaced names. *American Graffiti* came next. Its success persuaded 20th Century-Fox to

The young and beardless film maker (1968)

An alter ego in a Jedi named Luke.

invest money in Lucas' strange script about chirping robots, Jedi knights and a form of hocus-pocus called the Force.

What Lucas has done in the *Star Wars* films is rather like what his father did over dinner in Modesto. While providing entertainment, he has tried to instill in the young the old-fashioned virtues. "A lot of the stuff in there is very personal," he says. "There's more of me in *Star Wars* than I care to admit. I was trying to say in a very simple way, knowing that the film was made for a young audience, that there is a God and there is both a good side and a bad side. You have a choice between them, but the world works better if you're on the good side. It's just that simple." Luke is his alter ego, and it is no coincidence that he chose Mark Hamill, an actor who is about his own height, to play the last of the Jedi knights, or that he named the character Luke in the first place. Does Lucas really believe

With Spielberg, right, on the *Raiders* set

A shared title and a mutual admiration.

in the Force? "George says he doesn't, because he thinks people will consider him a freak if he does," says his wife. "But deep down, part of his unconscious believes in it, I think."

A man with such beliefs should have simple habits, and Lucas does. He dresses casually and inexpensively, in corduroys, jeans or khakis, tennis shoes and sleeveless sweaters. The Lucas house, which was built in 1869, is large and comfortable, with a spacious view, but the pleasant middle-class neighborhood is not the kind of area successful film makers usually choose. Only rarely do the Lucases, who have been married since 1969, even visit Los Angeles, where some people make movies.

Marcia is a talented film editor, with credits on *Taxi Driver* and *New York, New York*, as well as *Star Wars*, for which she shared an Oscar. On *Jedi* she was chiefly responsible for the emotional scenes, the "dying and crying," as her husband says. "I love film editing," she says. "I have an innate ability to take good material and make it better, and to take bad material and make it fair. I think I'm even an editor in life." She has taken charge of the layout and decoration of Lucasfilm's offices, creating a remarkably pleasant work space, with light, airy offices and numerous, much used kitchens for the employees.

Describing their life, her husband says, "We're basically simple people, with simple wants and needs." Hamill remembers once being invited out to dinner by Lucas, only to be taken to the local Taco Hut. "I should have known," he says ruefully, "that George wouldn't go to a place with tablecloths and waiters."

Lucas says that his two-year sabbatical could be extended for the rest of his life. He would be happy, he claims, to do nothing more than be with his family, read and watch over the development of his center for creative film makers, a 3,000-acre complex—called Skywalker Ranch, naturally—a few miles north of Lucasfilm. Will he retire? Most of his friends doubt it. "Every time George is making a film, he talks about retiring and never working again," says Spielberg. "But the minute it is finished, he is already thinking up his next opus. I can see him running Lucasfilm, making three to five pictures a year, and then some day returning to directing, which is where I think he belongs. I believe his destiny is behind the camera."

Ironically, says Spielberg, Lucas probably does not fully comprehend why the *Star Wars* saga has generated so much affection among its huge following. "When you get close to something, you never see the magic," he says. "You only see it through the eyes of the audience." Soon Lucas will have that opportunity once again. —***By Gerald Clarke. Reported by Denise Worrell/Los Angeles***

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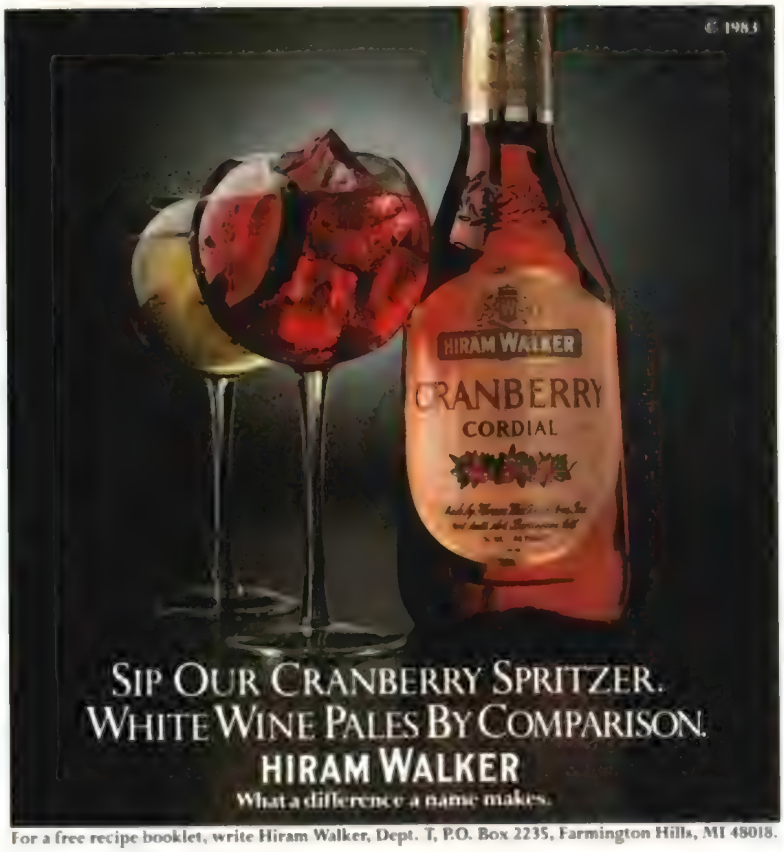

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What Was Lucy's Baby's Name?

TV focuses on TV, a subject that is all nostalgia and no content

No wonder they call television a medium. Comedian Ernie Kovacs once observed, since it is neither rare nor well done. Moreover, no matter how it is cooked, television often seems to consist of leftovers. Never more so than in the past few weeks, when a persistent recipe served up by the networks has been television about television. After more than 30 years, it appears, television has discovered that it, too, has a "usable past," a peculiar history that can be exploited in every sense of the word.

Consider, for example, three recent specials—two of which soared in the ratings—as well as an upcoming special and a long-running game show. All have been designed for the TV generation, people whose personal history is intertwined with that of television, whose memories flicker with the shows they watched as children and teen-agers.

Life's Most Embarrassing Moments (ABC), featuring John Ritter of *Three's Company* as host, was the No. 1–rated show in the last week of April. Notwithstanding its title, the show was not about life's most embarrassing moments but television's. It took its place in a long television tradition of ritual humiliation: programs that deliberately embarrass their victims to the mingled amusement and relief of the audience. Shows like *Candid Camera* tried to catch unwitting people in mortifying circumstances, while *The Newlywed Game* prodded one spouse to air the other's dirty laundry. Most of the clips on *Life's Most Embarrassing Moments* were outtakes and slip-ups from TV shows such as *Three's Company* and *Soap*. Although the "embarrassing moments" were meant to be backstage revelations, somehow more "real" than the smooth, neatly edited programming they disrupted, they seemed instead to be unabashedly calculated.

TV's Censored Bloopers #5 (NBC), rated ninth in the same week, was a virtual clone of *Life's Most Embarrassing Moments*, but with a salacious twist. The word censored in the title was intended to turn viewers into video voyeurs. The host, Dick Clark, slick and eternally adolescent, sniggered as clips were shown of an elephant's trunk probing a zoo warden's crotch and an overly affectionate orangutan tweaking a newswoman's breast. On a clip from *Hollywood Squares*, the late Paul Lynde replied to a question about what can make a monkey cry: "Learning that Tarzan swings both ways." This was hardly a blooper, and considering the double-entendres that Lynde regularly got away with, it is hard to imagine why this was censored in the first place.

Clark with a salacious twist

Ritter and Cathy Lee Crosby

Hoffman touts the Volkswagen in an early "greatest" commercial

A usable past that can be exploited in every sense of the word.

Originally, television quiz shows like *The $64,000 Question* tested arcane knowledge known only by the overeducated few. This week's special called *The I Love TV Test* (ABC, May 19, 8 p.m. E.D.T.) tests a knowledge of television history so superficial that even the most desultory viewer should score at least a B-plus. It is a multiple-choice TV trivia quiz that is merely trivial. Sample question: What was Lucille Ball's baby's name? 1) Little Desi, 2) Little Lucy, 3) Little Ricky. Any viewer who does not guess Little Ricky should be sentenced to six months on Gilligan's Island.

Another quiz show currently exploiting TV nostalgia is *Family Feud*, whose host is the oleaginous Richard Dawson, formerly the scheming Cockney Newkirk on *Hogan's Heroes*. This daily show has been featuring sitcom families such as the Bradys of *The Brady Bunch* and the Cleavers from *Leave It to Beaver*. During the program, the performers behave much as they did on their original shows, fostering the illusion that TV families never break up or die, but live on blissfully in real life as well as on reruns.

Everything on television begins and ends with commercials. The evening news may present the doom and gloom; commercials are the good news, celebrating the joys of consumerism. *Bigger & Better TV's Greatest Commercials III* (NBC) was rated only 28th last week, off sharply from its two top-ten-ranked predecessors. Nevertheless, it was a sponsor's dream, a video scrapbook celebrating the potent appeal of all those 30-second morality tales with happy endings. Among the "classics" shown: the new groom who, after consuming his wife's first meal ("Honey, I've never seen a dumpling that big"), tries to muffle the sound of Alka-Seltzer fizzing. The show was a form of recall for the audience ("Hey, I remember that one!"), not only of the commercials but of performers who appeared in them prior to becoming stars. A scrawny Sylvester Stallone hawked Rapid Shave; John Travolta sang in the shower for Safeguard; and a callow but ingratiating Dustin Hoffman crawled in and out of a Volkswagen, registering surprise at finding no engine under the hood. After an hour of this—interrupted of course by more commercials—viewers may have felt rather like the man in another Alka-Seltzer commercial: you can't believe you watched the whole thing.

What is significant about these shows is that they are so insignificant. They are virtually without content, devoid of the most elementary dramatic interest. Ultimately, they are examples of what Media Scholar David Thorburn calls "television's genius for marketing banality." All of them represent aspects of a shared television culture, but they serve as reminders that the word culture also refers to something grown in an artificial medium. For instance, a virus.

—*By Richard Stengel*

Jeantot, Superstar of the Sea

A French solo sailor breaks round-the-world records

The winner raises a shower of champagne

One of the finishers has worked as a dog-sled driver in Antarctica. Another has pushed a cab in Tokyo and helped lead a Japanese expedition to the North Pole. One of the younger old salts set a deep-sea diving record off his native France in 1977. An odds-on favorite was a 56-year-old Aussie who was sailing the oceans when some of his rivals were playing with boats in their bathtubs. A competitor from Eastern Europe, a Czech, has written ten books on sea adventure, and applied for political asylum in the U.S. last August.

It was on the 28th of that month that the above-mentioned stalwarts, along with eleven other skippers, frisked away into the whitecaps off Newport, R.I., in the first singlehanded round-the-world sailing race to begin and end in the U.S. At 7:11 a.m. on May 9, or 159 days 2 hr. 26 min. after the starting gun (not counting the weeks of layovers between legs), the first of the solo sailors came home from the sea. Only ten had remained in the race, battering their way through more than 27,000 nautical miles of doldrums and depressions, reefs, icebergs and storms. Horrendous winds and waves destroyed three yachts and knocked out four others but did not kill or seriously injure any of their skippers.

The winner was Philippe Jeantot, the deep-sea diver from Concarneau, France, who idled across the finish line the day after his 31st birthday. At the start of the race, Jeantot was unknown to the racing world, though he had made four singlehanded Atlantic crossings. Yet on the first of the race's four legs, the 7,100-miles from Newport to Cape Town, he piled up a one-week, 1,500-mile lead over his nearest competitor. That was the way it went, around the world; across the southern reaches of the Indian Ocean to Sydney, Australia; through the roaring forties and raging fifties of the southern ocean to Cape Horn, the sailor's nemesis; then on to Rio de Janeiro; and during the relatively tranquil run back to Newport.

Jeantot, in his black-and-yellow aluminum-hulled cutter prosaically named *Crédit Agricole* for the bank that sponsored it, beat by an astonishing 28½ days the previous record for a single-hulled boat, set last year by Australian Neville Gosson. This time Gosson was expected to finish fourth among the larger boats. Jeantot's eleven-ton 56-footer even shaved ten days off the previous singlehanded circumnavigation record, set in a trimaran by fellow Frenchman Alain Colas in 1973-74. Jeantot's large monohull also set new race records for the fastest noon-to-noon run (240 miles) and seven-day run (1,552 miles). In France, an instant national hero was born. Jeantot, Superstar; Jeantot, King of the Sea; Jeantot, the Absolute Conqueror, toasted the French press, which sent 52 representatives to cover his victorious arrival in Newport.

Crédit Agricole heading for victory; below, Bertie Reed and his boat crossing finish line

In second place, a cumulative 11 days 14 hr. behind Jeantot, came South African S.J. ("Bertie") Reed, 39, sailing the 15-year-old, 49-ft. sloop *Altech Voortrekker*, which he pronounced the world's most uncomfortable boat of its size. Next, 65 hr. 35 min. later, came Czechoslovakia's Richard Konkolski, 39, who had refused to quit despite repeated damage to his 44-ft. sloop *Nike III*.

Eagerly awaited during the weekend was Britain's Richard Broadhead on the 52-ft. cutter *Perseverance of Medina*. When Frenchman Jacques de Roux's *Skoiern III* was smashed by high seas in the southern ocean Broadhead dashed 318 miles to rescue his sinking rival.

The last boat is not expected home for a good two weeks. At a ceremony in Newport scheduled for May 28, BOC Group, the British-based industrial conglomerate that sponsored the race, will divide $50,000 between the winner of the small-boat class and Jeantot, the large-boat victor.

A muscular, 163-lb. athlete who has a black belt in judo, Jeantot walked off his floating home at Newport as jauntily as if he were returning from a stroll. Of the few

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bad times during the voyage, the worst, he said, came between Sydney and Cape Horn, when he had to go far south to pick up the prevailing westerly wind. For 13 days near 58° south latitude, he never saw the sun and at times could not even see the top of his mast. "Everything on board was wet and cold," he recalls, "and it was dangerous when I went to sleep. I couldn't know if I would crash with an iceberg." On two occasions his boat was knocked down flat in the water, and the rudder was badly damaged.

Unlike Sir Francis Chichester, the late great British circumnavigator who spliced the main brace with gin, rum, whisky, brandy, wine and beer, Jeantot consumed no liquor during the trip; through heavy spray and parching sun, however, he remained a heavy smoker of unfiltered Gauloises. Bachelor Philippe is no gourmet, preparing three shipboard meals a day from one can each of vegetables, meat and dessert, heated on his butane stove and forked out of the can directly to save dishwashing. Jeantot's only hedonistic indulgence was a cassette player, with which he regaled himself with favorites that ranged from Pink Floyd to Jacques Brel to Beethoven's *Ninth*.

His state-of-the-craft boat was another matter. Jeantot, who has dreamed of little else but circumnavigating the globe since he was a teen-ager, sank almost every franc he had saved as a highly paid diver into the $270,000 project. His greatest good fortune may have been to meet Naval Architect Guy Ribadeau-Dumas in 1982. Ribadeau-Dumas, 32, who had already designed successful racers, built several ingenious engineering features into *Crédit Agricole*, notably a sea-water ballast system that permits speedy adjustment of the boat's trim.

Solo sailors in an organized race rarely experience the hallucinations and despair that have traditionally afflicted single-handers. One reason is that they are seldom cut off from the real world. Jeantot, for example, talked by radio daily to friends in France. He was also in regular contact with a Rhode Island ham radio operator. All the racers were equipped with a sophisticated electronics system known as Argos that prints out satellite weather information and provides the boat's precise location in latitude and longitude, relieving the mariner's ancient fear that he is lost. "They don't even need a sextant," harrumphed one old waterfront sage.

No circuitry, however, can ward off the perils of the ocean. Experienced sailors ran aground several times. Second-Place Finisher Reed watched in helpless panic "when a whale tried mating with me," nearly smashing the boat. There is no panacea for thirst, chronic lack of sleep, perpetual cold and clammy discomfort. Why, then, knowing all this, do sailors set out alone, again and again? Not merely because it is there. Explains Philippe Jeantot: "Because it is difficult. I enjoy succeeding in difficult things." —*By Michael Demarest*

Theater

King Midas Calls the Tune

PRIVATE LIVES *by Noël Coward*

Noël Coward once went backstage and tartly informed the two leading players in one of his shows that their performance was "a triumph of never-mind over doesn't-matter." If Coward were around to chide Elizabeth Taylor and Richard Burton for a similar self-indulgence, he would have to trip them up on the way to the bank. Both are said to receive $70,000 per week. Coward may have written *Private Lives* but Midas cast this revival.

Presumably, the public has made it a box-office sellout in the titillating hope that it is a keyhole drama. Sad to say, Liz and Sibyl, steal off together again.

The basic flaw with Taylor and Burton is that they lack any flair for feather-light comedy. They substitute double or sextuple entendre, as when Taylor says, "I feel rather scared of marriage really," looking out at the audience with the eyes of a wounded doe. What the Elyot-Amanda roles call for is the sort of fond nonchalance and glancing asperity that William Powell and Myrna Loy brought to Nick and Nora Charles in *The Thin Man* series. What Taylor's role model was for her part is undecipherable; it comes out as some sort of compromise between Mata Hari and Lady Macbeth. Inflection, which is paramount with a Coward line, is either beneath or beyond her. On a line like "Extraordinary how potent cheap music is," she puts equal stress on "potent" and "cheap" so that the fun is missing and the meaning is blurred. What she has doffed in avoirdupois she has put on in *ancien* Louis B. Mayer *régime* costumery, particularly one black-and-white Theoni V. Aldredge outfit that makes her look like a Hollywood penguin.

Liz and Dick impersonate blithe spirits Amanda and Elyot: chemistry combustible as weak tea

A mix of Mata Hari and Lady Macbeth; a burnt-out stance to scare the muse.

and Dick are almost as inept at playing themselves as they are at re-creating Coward's characters. All passion spent, they seem blankly disaffected, otherwise engaged. The chemistry between them is about as combustible as lukewarm tea, though their quarrels raise ghostly, vulgarized echoes of *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?*

The plot line is as simple as sin. Previously wed to each other, Amanda (Taylor) and Elyot (Burton) meet again on the terrace of a seaside resort in France. Each is on a second honeymoon with a fail-safe second mate. Amanda has chosen conventional, humdrum Victor (John Cullum), and Elyot has chosen humdrum, conventional Sibyl (Kathryn Walker). But Amanda and Elyot are blithe spirits: witty, sophisticated, selfish, mercurial. They skip off to Paris, make love again, tiff tempestuously again and, when discovered by the appalled Victor

Burton's melancholy mien and burnt-out stance would scare any comic muse off into the wings. His has too long been the gravity of a potentially heroic tragic actor waylaid en route to his destiny. His voice is still a casque of gold, but like that ardent Burton fan, Churchill, he seems always to be addressing a constituency, never a person. Of course, the audience for this Taylor-Burton fandango is undeniably a constituency. —*By T.E Kalem*

Hey, can you dig this wandering minstrel? Nanki-Poo rocks out in *The Mikado*

Stockyard Savoyard

A rambunctious Mikado *is set in modern-day Japan*

The elderly lady was so shaken she had difficulty keeping hold of her stainless-steel walker as she made her way around the stage entrance of Chicago's Lyric Opera last week. A musician friend spotted her and inquired how she had enjoyed this new, undeniably upstart production of *The Mikado*. "Well," she said, mustering her best backstage diplomacy, "it certainly must be fun to *do*." "Oh, yeah," he agreed. "It's *crazy!*"

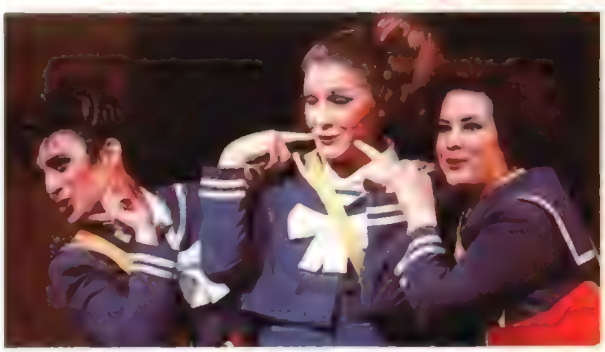
Certainly it must have seemed so to the startled senior citizen, to Gilbert and Sullivan traditionalists—Can there be such a thing as a Gilbert and Sullivan radical?—and to anyone else who expected an orthodox production that was proper right down to the last parasol. There wasn't a bumbershoot of any description on the Lyric stage. No fans either. They were replaced with tokens and totems of the new pan-Orientalism: signs that blink out Sony, Seiko and, inevitably, Coca-Cola; Nanki-Poo (Tenor Neil Rosenshein), the wandering minstrel, transformed into a rocker with a red guitar; Yum-Yum (Soprano Michelle Harman-Gulick) in a flared short skirt and visor cap, giggling and jawing gum like a Tokyo Valley Girl; and the Mikado himself (Bass Donald Adams), arriving onstage, with all appropriate ceremony, in a Datsun.

All this prankish revisionism, good-natured but a touch self-smitten, is the work of Peter Sellars, 25, the director who has worked similar changes on other classics: Handel's *Orlando* set at the Kennedy Space Center, *King Lear* featuring a Lincoln Continental. (Subject for a future master's thesis: *Automotive Metaphor and the Sound of Cultural Collision in the Early Work of Peter Sellars.*) Sellars clearly seeks not so much to rejustify all these stage pieces as to re-examine them, even reinvent them, for a contemporary audience. What is up-to-date in *The Mikado* is timeless, but what is charming is essentially antique, brittle as a piece of porcelain. Porcelain is not the ideal material for broad strokes and bright colors.

Sellars and his conductor, Craig Smith, are scrupulous about observing all musical amenities. The scoring combines respect for tradition with a verve that comes within hailing distance of being ideal. The singers perform zestfully, even when Sellars requires the principals to sing lying on the floor, as if they were practicing some new kind of aerobic exercise for the vocal cords. Instead of reinforcing the staging, or indeed placing it in the kind of paradoxical context limned by Brecht and Weill, this straightforward musicality puts the brakes on the rambunctious staging. The rhythms of the songs and the pace of the action are too different, which may be why the single most successful moment of the production is the overture, staged in front of a scrim decorated with the Northwest Orient Airlines logo. Blond air hostesses go through the usual check-out procedures, finding some berserk synchronization between their clockwork movements and Sullivan's ravishing score.

That synchronization is broken when the male chorus comes scrambling on in identical blue business suits. All the flurry and the coy comic extravagance of having Ko-Ko, the Lord High Executioner (Baritone James Billings), carry on like an insurance salesman who has been crushed beneath his quarterly projections set a pace that the singers cannot match. Whatever purists may have thought were its vulgarizations and deficiencies, Joseph Papp's Broadway presentation of *The Pirates of Penzance* was all of a brassy piece. This *Mikado* is too fitful, too ambitious, perhaps—Dare we even whisper it, risking the rage of Savoyards everywhere?—a little too respectful. Crazy? More like not crazy enough.

—By Jay Cocks



Upstart wit and frantic revisionism: the Mikado, top, Yum-Yum and her schoolgirl sisters and, right, Ko-Ko, sore-pressed

Photographs for TIME by Richard Faverty

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Millvillers and Hornbeckers

THE FEUD *by Thomas Berger; Delacorte; 265 pages; $13.95*

Even after a dozen novels, including *Little Big Man* and four books about the lunk hero Carlo Reinhart, Thomas Berger remains a cult writer who shuns literary society and sometimes the 20th century. The Reinhart series (*Crazy in Berlin, Reinhart in Love, Vital Parts* and *Reinhart's Women*), published over a 23-year period, suggested that the author viewed postwar American dreams and the liberal imagination with a considered lack of seriousness. *Little Big Man's* Jack Crabb left a permanent brand on the founding myths of the Old West, and *Neighbors* contained a persuasive argument for living in the Yukon with an unlisted phone number and a mailbox stenciled THE LEPERS.

Berger, 58, has contributed a great deal to social satire. Unlike many of the faded comic ironists of his generation, he does not appear to have run out of material or energy. The former is not necessarily related to the latter. There is always more raw material for satire than one writer can handle in a lifetime. However, energy usually comes from a rare devotion to an insistent internal voice.

The Feud is further evidence of how deeply Berger remains committed to his marvelously skewed sense of language and the hapless bipeds who use it. The novel is set in the small-town America of the late 1930s, a place and time frequently celebrated in nostalgic memory. It has been said that life was less complicated then and that the Depression bound families to a common cause. Perhaps, but in Berger's small neighboring towns of Millville and Hornbeck, such pretty thoughts do not have a prayer against ornery pride, low animal cunning and the mayhem loosed by the crazed and the love-struck.

Initially, Berger's storyline seems to have been teased out of a W.C. Fields film like *The Bank Dick*. Hornbeck's Dolf Beeler, "a burly, beer-bellied foreman," enters Bud Bullard's Millville hardware store for a can of paint remover. The dead cigar butt in Beeler's mouth leads to an argument about smoking on premises stocked with flammable merchandise. The appearance of Bullard's cousin Reverton is a piece of unfortunate timing. Rev is a bitter geezer who lies about being a railroad detective and carries a starter pistol to intimidate his enemies, meaning anyone not a relative. The gun is drawn on Beeler for his failure to convince his accusers that chewing on an inch of cold, wet cigar violates neither the spirit nor the letter of Bullard's no-smoking sign. One thing leads to another, and another.

The reader should know immediately that Beeler had nothing to do with the fire that destroyed Bullard's hardware store, and that Bullard was not responsible for the explosion under the hood of Beeler's car. Another important fact is that there is no full-dress feud in *The Feud*. Beeler and Bullard are soon out of the picture, one with a fatal heart attack and the other with a nervous breakdown. But these misfortunes set in motion a series of coincidences and events.

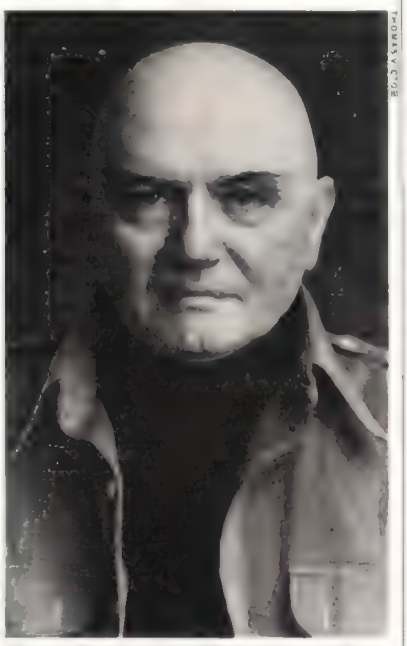
As in *Neighbors*, situations can always get worse, and funnier. Beeler's son Tony, a nearsighted weight lifter, defends his mother's honor by slugging a rude Millville cop. This, in turn, makes it more difficult for Tony to court Eva, Bullard's buxom 13-year-old daughter. Bullard's nasty son Junior gets hold of Cousin Rev's pistol and is transformed into a menacing big shot ("It was funny how carrying a gun made you feel as if you were dreaming"). In Hornbeck, Beeler's daughter Bernice comes home from the big city bragging about her sophisticated life as a cashier in a movie theater. In truth, she is pregnant and needs to find a local boy who can be convinced that he is the father. Rev stops a bank robbery but, unfortunately, also a bullet.

It is characteristic of Berger to endow some of his most unappealing characters with vitality and strength. Rev is a paranoid crank but the only person in the book to take heroic action. To keep matters consistently bizarre, Berger describes the codger's funeral through the eyes of Junior, the teen-age lout: "As he watched the bronze box being lowered into the grave he could not help thinking of that little ditty that went: *Your eyes fall in/ Your teeth fall out/ The worms crawl over/ Your nose and mouth*. Dying was a lousy thing, and he intended to avoid it, for its inevitability seemed only theoretical to him. How did they know that you couldn't live forever? Had anybody ever tried it?"

The Feud as a tale is hardly distinguished. Berger's telling is. His language, rich in prewar idiom, is precise and laconic, the perfect foil to his slapstick plot. At first encounter, the characters appear to have been made of pig bladders, but the deeper their predicaments, the more convincing they become. The romance between Bernice and Ernie, a Hornbeck layabout, has the ring of lowlife truth. Says a sincere Ernie after a night of backseat love and a bottle of Rock 'n' Rye: "I'm sure trying to figure out a way to tell you what I want to without hurting your feelings by talking dirty, but it ain't easy."

Writers have similar problems of finding the right style. Berger, once again, has found the solution. His work may not win any prizes for the celebration of the indomitable human spirit, but *The Feud* is an affectionate cheer for all the peeves, itches and dreams that make most people tick.

—By R.Z. Sheppard



Thomas Berger: a fatal bit of cold, wet cigar

Excerpt

"In the rough-and-tumble of life Reverton had learned to anticipate troublemakers. The place to be trained in what human beings were capable of was a toilet in a public building if you were the custodian who had to clean it up every nighttime. For years Rev had been one of the janitors at the county courthouse up in Wayland. He had been let go after the accident, which had incapacitated him for some months . . . For reasons of pride, and to justify his carrying the pistol, Rev let the family think him a railroad dick. He did live in Hamburg, in a fleabag hotel near the railroad yard, but whenever he wasn't down in Millville at, formerly, his cousin's store and now the Bullard house, he was in the public library, doing research into various subjects that interested him: the extraction of gold from seawater, Asiatic techniques for training the will, magnetism, and the Pope's secret plan to introduce into the non-Catholic areas of the world an army of secret agents whose mission it was to poison the public reservoirs."

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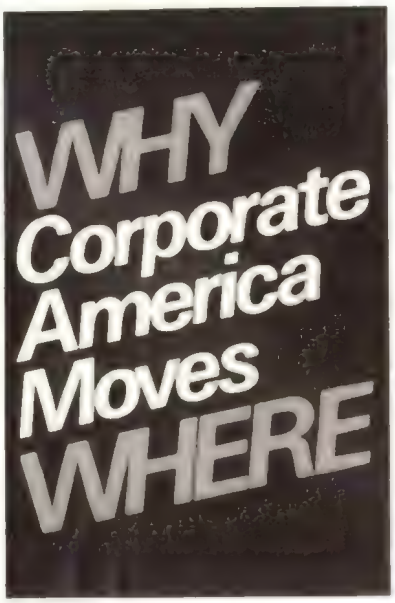

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Moral Madness

ELIE WIESEL: MESSENGER TO ALL HUMANITY
by Robert McAfee Brown
Notre Dame; 244 pages; $16.95

In *The Possessed*, Dostoyevsky offers a characteristic irony: "I have a plan—to go mad." That remark is a motto of one of his literary heirs, Elie Wiesel. A survivor of Auschwitz and Buchenwald, Wiesel has long been recognized as a visionary, reading symbols in the charred remains of the Holocaust. But it is Wiesel the artist who commands the attention of Theologian-Critic Robert McAfee Brown. In *Messenger to All Humanity*, Brown provides the best introduction to the score of works that have made Wiesel a leading candidate for the Nobel Prize.

On one side of history lies the cratered and extinct universe of the death camps.

Robert McAfee Brown
When anguish is summoned, joy emerges.

on the other, the indifferent world. "The connecting link," Brown observes, "is story." Wiesel's fierce tales were born of silence. After his liberation, he refused to speak on the subject of the Jewish agony. With good reason. Wiesel lost his mother and younger sister at the first "selection"; his father died soon afterward. "Children for me," he recalled, "evoke war, thunder and hate, shouts, screams, dogs howling." He was to search for ten years before he found a vocabulary that allowed him to articulate the unspeakable.

In *Night* (1958), an austere, shattering account of a boy's first days behind barbed wire, babies were thrown into ovens and God was banished from everywhere but memory: "I've got more faith in Hitler than in anyone else. He's the only one who's kept his promises to the Jewish people." If Wiesel's literary career had ended with *Night*, he would still have earned an international reputation as a founder of Holocaust literature. Once the novel was published, others dared to speak out: Nelly Sachs' laments were carried in *O the Chimneys;* André Schwarz-Bart chronicled *The Last of the Just;* Jerzy Kosinski described *The Painted Bird.* Wiesel himself was set free; his other books rushed into print: *Dawn, The Accident, The Town Beyond the Wall, The Gates of the Forest, A Beggar in Jerusalem.*

Through them all, Brown notes, runs the Dostoyevskian theme of "moral madness." Characters dance around their own souls, burbling luminous insights that no one regards; others believe that nothing good can come of sanity: "If man be the messenger of man, why should a madman not be the messenger of God?" In one play, God himself is put on trial in the 17th century for crimes committed against the Jews. His defense attorney is a mysterious stranger who turns out to be Satan

Nihilism scratches the surfaces of these works. But Brown acutely perceives the "in spite of" that moves below the words: "When anguish is summoned, joy emerges; when mourning is appropriate, celebration intrudes." Wiesel's refusal to despair is not born out of blind faith and certainly not out of innate optimism. It arises, like most prophetic tendencies, from a balance of terror: the riddle of God on one side, the knowledge of man on the other. Brown enlivens his text with quotes, none more pertinent than Wiesel's self-analysis: "When you live on the edge of the mountain, you see the abyss, but you also see very far." Brown sees almost as far, but then he is standing on a monument. —*By Stefan Kanfer*

And So to Bed

THE DIARY OF SAMUEL PEPYS
Edited by Robert Latham and William Matthews; University of California; 11 volumes; $320

THE ILLUSTRATED PEPYS
Edited by Robert Latham; University of California; 240 pages; $15.95

The young servant was "mighty pretty," thought Samuel Pepys, and it was not long before his wife "did find me embracing the girl con my hand sub su coats." In that babel of cryptic foreign words, inscribed in an equally cryptic shorthand, Pepys confided to his diary all the earthiest details of his rakish life in London in the 1660s. There was plenty to confide. Mrs. Pepys made him dismiss the girl. Pepys gave his servant a lofty talk, warning her to "have a care for her honour and to fear God." He then paid her 20 shillings to tell him her next address. Pepys not only regularly deceived his wife but beat her. "She giving me some cross answer, I did strike her over her left eye such a blow, as the poor wretch did cry out." He beat his servants too. When one of them denied some domestic misdemeanor, Pepys whipped him so hard that he could only marvel "that such a little boy as he could be able to suffer half so much as he did to maintain a lie . . . So to bed, with my arme very weary."

The diarist was not some ignominious hypocrite; he was a high-placed hypocrite. Pepys, a Secretary of the Royal Navy, regularly took bribes, praising God for his increasing riches. On one occasion, when he received an envelope that felt full of money, he artfully opened and emptied it without actually looking inside, "that I might say I saw no money in the paper if ever I should be questioned about it." It is that candor, conveying irresistibly the sense of life as it was, that finally begins to make Pepys rather likable after all. And so history has come to rely on his vivid descriptions of all he saw: the Restoration of the Crown after the Cromwellian revolution, the Great Fire of London, the return of the Black Death, even the petty details of King Charles II in conference. "All I observed there is the silliness of the King," Pepys wrote, "playing with his dog all the while, or his

Samuel Pepys
Forever giving way to music and women.

codpiece, and not minding the business."

After nine years of recording everything in his secret diary, Pepys abandoned it at age 36 because he mistakenly feared that he was going blind. He died rich and respectable three decades later, bequeathing to his college at Cambridge a library of 3,000 volumes and the bookcases he had had made to hold them. On an obscure shelf of one case, in six leather-bound volumes, lay the diary of his youth; there it remained, virtually untouched for more than a century. Pieces of the private confessional, often full of errors, appeared throughout the 19th century, until the ten-volume edition of 1893 established itself as authoritative True to its time, however, it omitted virtually all of Pepys' erotic escapades.

Pepysians began talking about a new, correct and complete edition as long ago as 1926, but the labors of retranscribing and annotating the 1.3 million-word text were heroic. The first three volumes final-

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ly appeared, to general huzzas, in 1970; the last volume of Pepys' text appeared in 1976, to even louder applause.

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Is it perhaps too definitive for all but the most dedicated Pepysians? The editors have thought of that too. The solution is a splendid one-volume abridgment with lots of color pictures: *The Illustrated Pepys*. As the Victorian editors represented their times, the modern editors reflect theirs: the political history is much condensed, the bawdy parts all included.

—By Otto Friedrich

Editors' Choice

FICTION: Ancient Evenings, *Norman Mailer* • Chronicle of a Death Foretold, *Gabriel García Márquez* Heartburn, *Nora Ephron* Ironweed, *William Kennedy* Pilgermann, *Russell Hoban* • Sister Age, *M.F.K. Fisher*

NONFICTION: Eleni, *Nicholas Gage* The Forties, *Edmund Wilson* • The Last Lion, Winston Spencer Churchill, *William Manchester* Lectures on Don Quixote, *Vladimir Nabokov* • A Private View, *Irene Mayer Selznick* • White Mischief, *James Fox*

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. Christine, *King (1 last week)*
2. White Gold Wielder, *Donaldson (2)*
3. The Little Drummer Girl, *Le Carré (4)*
4. The Lonesome Gods, *L'Amour (3)*
5. Ancient Evenings, *Mailer (5)*
6. The Summer of Katya, *Trevanian (8)*
7. Voice of the Heart, *Bradford (7)*
8. Icebreaker, *Gardner (6)*
9. Battlefield Earth, *Hubbard*
10. The Valley of Horses, *Auel (10)*

NONFICTION

1. In Search of Excellence, *Peters and Waterman (1)*
2. The One Minute Manager, *Blanchard and Johnson (2)*
3. Megatrends, *Naisbitt (3)*
4. Jane Fonda's Workout Book, *Fonda (4)*
5. The Love You Make, *Brown and Gaines (6)*
6. The F-Plan Diet, *Eyton (5)*
7. Creating Wealth, *Allen*
8. The Diet Center Program *Ferguson (8)*
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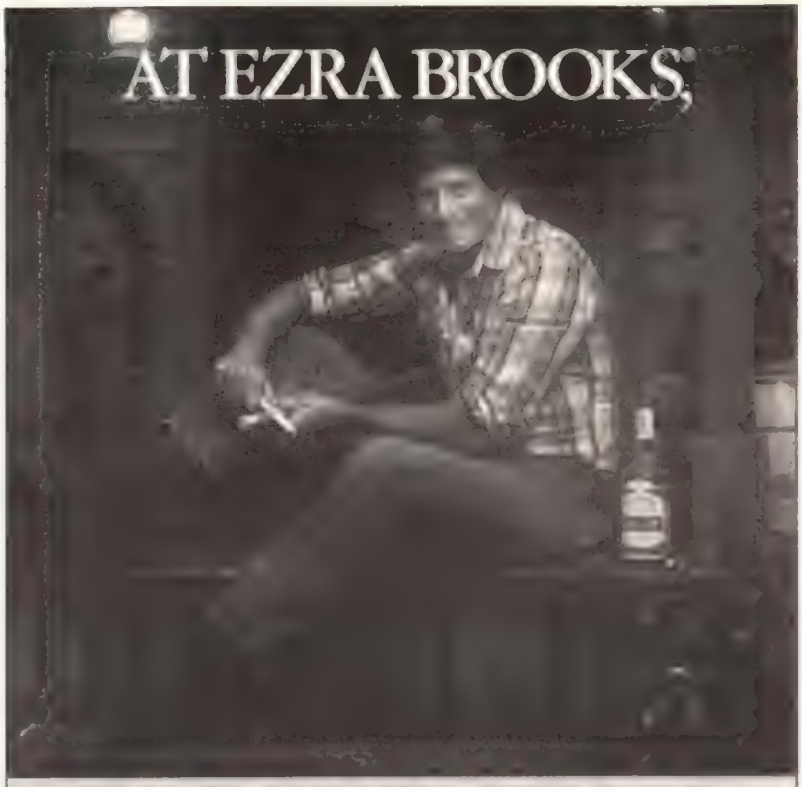

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Fifty Years of Excellence

Harvard's select Society of Fellows celebrates its founding in 1933

Economist Wassily Leontief likens the selection to being chosen for paradise. No one can apply. The elect must be recommended by leaders in their field as fledgling scholars of great promise. For three years they pursue knowledge, free of institutional bureaucracy and the responsibility of teaching. Life is intellectually strenuous but not spartan; besides meeting for their casual, animated lunches, the scholars gather once a week to share sherry around a large table once owned by Oliver Wendell Holmes Sr. Distinguished alumni include Economist Paul Samuelson, Poet Richard Wilbur, Linguist Noam Chomsky, Biologist James Watson, Historian Arthur Schlesinger Jr., Sociobiologist E.O. Wilson and Psychologist B.F. Skinner. At a time when America is railing anew against its loss of educational vigor, Harvard's Society of Fellows last week quietly celebrated 50 years of high, uncompromising standards and remarkable accomplishment.

Gathering in the university's Fogg Museum, 160 past and present fellows toasted a tradition of pure scholarship with bottles of Château Haut-Brion '65, saved especially for the occasion. The society that they were commemorating is the creation of longtime (1909-33) Harvard President A. Lawrence Lowell, who endowed the society with $2 million of his own money ("It took nearly all I had") in the belief that the independent work of great scholars was the soul of a great university. He patterned the society after fellowships offered in England and France. Said Lowell: "Productive scholarship is the shyest of all flowers. American universities must do their utmost to cultivate it, by planting the best seed, letting the sun shine upon it."

What Lowell envisioned was assembling "a limited number of the most brilliant young men that can be found." These junior fellows would exchange ideas under the guidance of eminent scholars, called senior fellows, without the restrictions of graduate school or the formal dictates of a Ph.D. program. Among the eleven current senior fellows: Poet Helen Vendler, Harvard Dean Henry Rosovsky and Derek Bok, the university's president.

© '55 JEMMA LAWSON

Shop talk at an Eliot House lunch; inset, former President A. Lawrence Lowell

True support of pure scholarship and faith in human reason and the human mind.

Harvard's junior fellows over the years have gone on to win 13 Nobel Prizes (four in 1981) and uncounted Pulitzers. Recalls M.I.T. Economist Carl Kaysen of his years as a fellow: "I was able to range more widely and do things I would not have done as a conventional graduate student." Sociologist George Homans, a fellow from 1934 to 1939, says of the society: "Its record is absolutely terrific. There have been imitations, but nobody's in a class with us."

Indeed, there is nothing quite like the society anywhere in the U.S. Much of the group's success is due to the careful selection process. Former fellows and distinguished scholars all over the world nominate their most talented students. Each candidate's dossier is examined by two senior fellows. The finalists are flown in for unnerving interviews during which senior fellows look for lively minds and the ability to communicate ideas. The easiest field to choose from, senior fellows agree, is physics, a discipline in which talent is evident early. The most difficult is the humanities.

Of the 124 scholars recommended this year, 40 were called to Harvard for interviews but, as usual, only eight were chosen. As it happens, just one of them is an American: Kevin Lehmann, a chemical physicist about to receive his Ph.D. from Harvard in spectroscopy. (Since 1975, 69% of the scholars have been U.S.-born.) Lehmann and the others will receive free room and board and a stipend of $14,000 annually for three years. The sum is modest, but it is the company they will keep that counts.

One current fellow is Psychologist Dražen Prelec, a Yugoslav who is developing a mathematical formulation for B.F. Skinner's reinforcement theories in behavioral psychology. Economist Barry Nalebuff, an M.I.T. graduate with a doctorate in philosophy from Oxford University, is applying games theory to problems of disarmament. Princeton Classicist Nita Krevans (women were first admitted in 1972) is exploring how the publication of manuscripts changed the way the authors thought about their compositions. Historian Mordechai Feingold is studying early modern intellectual history, including the work of Britain's John Rainolds, who in the early 17th century helped translate the King James version of the Bible from Greek and Hebrew.

The fellows, junior and senior, meet every Monday night to dine and share fine wine in their oak-paneled rooms in Harvard's Eliot House. Says Nalebuff: "I think there's less pretense here than any place I've been. Nobody's competing with anyone else. You don't have to prove yourself." The exchanges can be irreverent. When M.I.T. Economist and Senior Fellow Robert Solow, 58, advises Theoretical Physicist Paul Ginsparg, 27, that he will soon be "over the hill" for his profession, the junior fellow retorts, "Then I can become an economist."

Many of the fellows stay on at Harvard as faculty members. Some have even proved Lowell's thesis that a Ph.D. is not necessary for scholarship. Political Scientist McGeorge Bundy, who became Harvard's dean of arts and sciences, and Society of Fellows Chairman Burton Dreben, a former dean of the Graduate School of Arts and Sciences, never took the degree. Excellence is the society's reason for being, and excellence is Harvard's reward. Says Dreben: "With all the compromises we make, there has to be true support of pure scholarship, the inquiry into knowledge for its own sake, faith in human reason and the human mind. That's what it's all about."

—*By Ellie McGrath.*

Reported by Ruth Mehrtens Galvin/Boston

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The Morals of Remembering

The style of monuments in Washington (the Lincoln, the Washington, the Jefferson) runs to idealizations in cool, white stone. The places are abstracted: alabaster, clean, undimmed by human tears. They are also shrines for the tourists who come in doubleknits and halters. They are entirely American.

A new memorial in Washington will be different. It will be installed on the edge of the Mall, not far from the Washington Monument. It will be utterly European. It will reek of a European suffering and evil.

The memorial, a museum commemorating the millions of Jews and others who died at Auschwitz and Dachau and Treblinka, will be housed in two large, red brick turn-of-the-century buildings. The catastrophic drama of genocide will thus be installed in the middle of the Washington tourist round, along with the Capitol and the cherry blossoms. The museum will detain tourists as the Ancient Mariner seized the wedding guests to make them listen to an uglier tale than they might want to hear.

The idea of such a place has caused a certain subdued muttering. The muttering grants the enormity of the Holocaust, but it suggests: Why should the U.S. Government set aside land and buildings to commemorate a tragedy that occurred on another continent, a horror in which Americans had no part either as victims or persecutors? Americans have their own native horrors. Why not a memorial museum to black slavery? Why not a memorial to the American Indian culture? The American conscience could be engaged much closer to home than Auschwitz.

So says the muttering. But there is a deeper question. It involves a difficult, sometimes grotesque moral calculus of comparative genocides. What does the historical memory remember? Over which slaughters does it grieve? Over which does it pass obliviously? And why?

Consider one that has almost got lost. This is the 50th anniversary of the enforced famine, engineered by Stalin, in which some 8 million to 10 million Ukrainians and Cossacks perished. Their extermination was a matter of state policy, just as the ovens of Dachau were a matter of state policy. The Ukrainian kulaks died under the great brute wheel of an idea. They died for the convenience of the state, to help with the organization of the new order of things.

They died, and yet the grass has grown over the world's memory of their murder. Why? The numbers of the dead would surely qualify that entry (one thinks mordantly) for some genocidal hall of fame. Perhaps that is the sort of museum we need on the edge of the Mall: a home for all the great blood scandals: the Armenians slaughtered by the Turks, the Hutus slain by the Tutsis in Burundi, the Cambodians who have died in Pol Pot's haunting imitation of Stalin's barbarisms.

Is it evil to forget? Is it necessary to remember? Perhaps remembrance is a matter of sociobiology. Perhaps we remember what it is necessary to remember for survival, and we forget what it is necessary to forget. The author Elie Wiesel, a survivor of Auschwitz and Buchenwald, states the case on eloquently pragmatic grounds: "Memory is our shield, our only shield." To Wiesel, only memory can immunize mankind against a repetition of the slaughter.

A memorial, of course, is not the same as a memory. In some deep ways, the two are opposite. The memorial makes memory objective. The memorial rescues suffering from its degrading pointlessness and installs it in the stone or in the photo exhibits and libraries. It is an event in the process of mourning, helping to set the pain to rest at an endurable distance. It helps to heal. It is the thing we build to signal our acceptance. In a way, we make memorials so that we can begin at last to forget. The Holocaust, on that corner of the Mall, must become in some sense something else, something like Wordsworth in paraphrase: horror recollected in tranquillity.

A memorial can relieve the poor daily mind of the responsibility of obsessive remembering. Memorials may sometimes simultaneously idealize and trivialize terrible events. On the other hand, one cannot approach the memorial at Hiroshima without seeing and feeling again the apocalyptic flash. Busloads of Japanese children arrive every day and gravely absorb the meaning of the place.

Still, a memorial is a way of saying goodbye. Every memorial needs its proper time. In that sense, American blacks may not yet be ready for a memorial. Slavery, or its long, tenacious afterlife, is still in business. What one sees in Harlem or Watts or South Side Chicago is really slavery in other forms. So it is not yet time for that memorial. Americans still do not know the outcome of slavery. A memorial needs finality. A memorial, the final seal upon the wound and the grief, cannot be articulate until the drama is ended.

Life eventually rejects too many claims being made upon it by the dead. The capacity for grief is finite. Life likes to forget a little. The living, if they are sane, want memory and death and obsession to observe certain house rules. That is difficult in a century in which genocide has become, so to speak, a way of life. It is difficult for great cataclysms to coexist morally with the smaller homely business of things.

At the most obvious, the moral intention of a memorial is simple: Lest we forget. The stone formalizes a relationship between past and future. It solemnizes and legitimizes and dignifies those who have departed into the squalid indignity of death, departed in a way so inhuman that humanity wants to pile on posthumous kindnesses, posthumous significances.

Perhaps it is grotesque for people to wish to commemorate their blackest acts, their atrocities. In their traditional function, memorials glorify our heroes, our battles, our ideals, our (presumably) higher values. Erecting memorials to our horrors is the moral equivalent of impaling heads on spikes by the roadside: it rivets the attention of the passers-by and leaves them with a memorable warning. It is a form of tutoring in the truth, both edifying and horrifying, that man is capable of anything. He can go either way, and does.

Only the faculty of moral memory can begin to redeem the worst deeds. In another context, the poet Robert Lowell wrote: "My eyes have seen what my hand did." Self-awareness is precisely what makes us human, the action of the judging inner eye, the intelligent witness that keeps house in the brain. Memory is eventually a moralist, and memory educates the beast.

—By Lance Morrow

Illustration for TIME by Frances Jetter

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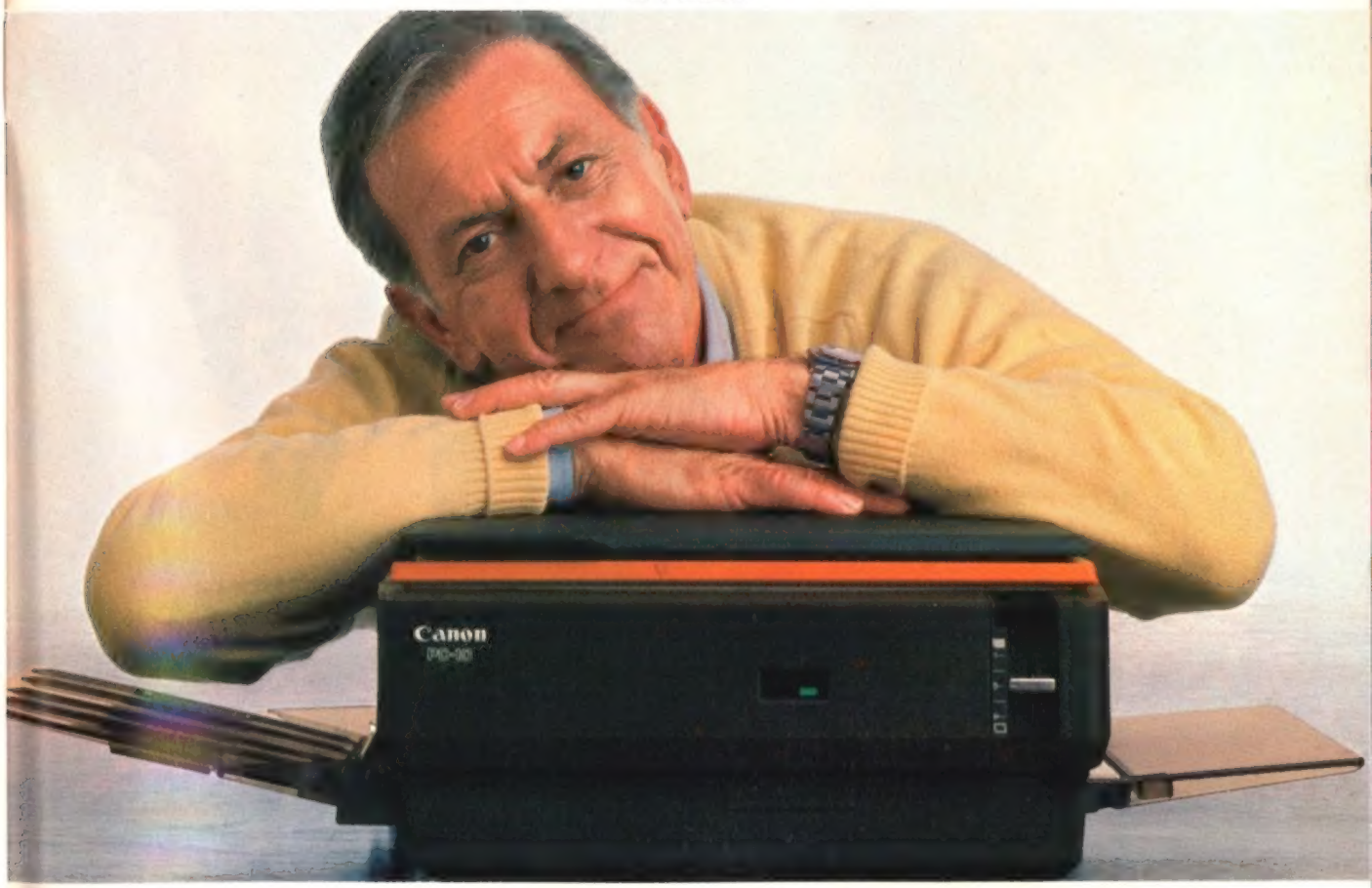

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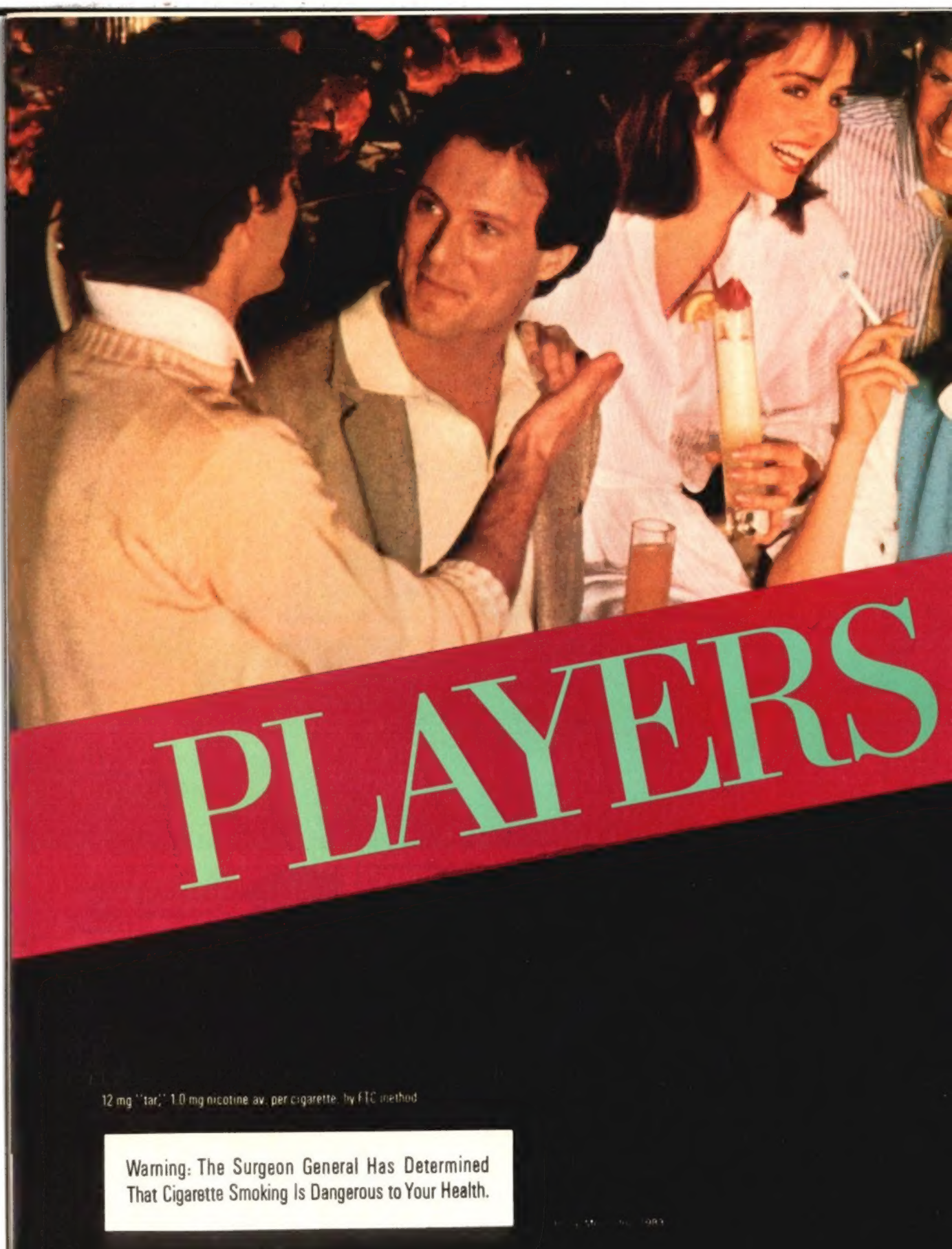
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